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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Snobism in Music—How it Manifests Itself in the Tiers, the Corridors, the Foyer, the Parquet, the Press-Room, the Vestibule and the Gallery—Operas that Need Libretto, Score, Commentary History and Pedagogue to be Understood—The Doctrinaires of the Malt-House—An Age that Needs More Romance—Wagner the Champion Bandmaster.

Snobism in music deserves a Thackeray in despatch.

Nothing that I know of in shams equals it for intensity.

With a musical malt-house up town that cost millions and disgraces architecture, we are now treated to processions set to music and myths without rhythm or reason, and a feish worship has set in.

The town thrills with a curious kind of awe over the millions that are represented in the boxes and thinks it is a musical emotion. It stares with delight at the array of wealth, and listens with stunned apathy to the spectacular rumpus, and calls it the patronage of art.

From the parvenu pile with its factory chimneys down to the St. Patrick's Day operas with their interminable bellowings and impenetrable legends, the whole business is enveloped in a stiff, starched mantle of snobism.

Snobism in the tiers, with their groups of dowagers and bevy of belles, snipped to the work of patronage, and straining their systems and their modesty to look contrapuntal through three hours of mythologic anarchy!

Snobism in the long State prison corridors, where Moneybags and Lobbybuilt and Monopolygirl wander up and down and discuss petroleum and railroads and nominations when the orchestral crash is on and the box-doors are shut to keep it in!

Snobism in the foyer, where dilettantism in three stud shirts and four-button gloves stands on its toes to reach the persimmons of propriety, and maudles the catchpenny cant of Wagnerism!

Snobism in the entrance way, where snatches of cigarettes vary the snatches of declamation, and doctrinaires in music discuss my lady's toilet and my dowager's diamonds.

Snobism in the parquet, where the flower of the flock follows Wagner's resolutions with a thousand heroic resolutions of her own to sit it all out or die in the attempt, and keeps her finger on the score like a devotee who hopes to go to Bayreuth when she dies, and who comes away from it all with the same noble elevation of intellect and chastened soul that you would expect in a Cheyenne medicine man who had heard Euclid read for the first time to an accompaniment of tom-toms!

Snobism in the press room, where the jargon of words seems to flower naturally on the jargon stem of harmony; where *Zukunft's musik* is the bottom villainy of each man's thought, and a deadly hatred of anything like a tune mingles with a pagan idolatry of anything like a noise; where the profound depths of the chronicling amateur are moved to observe as he drums an accompaniment on the table: "that the poetized forms of the purely subjective never had so large an element of preciosity as in that syncopated chord in the strophe;" where apostleship shows itself in praise of mathematical cacophony—with closed doors so that none of the cacophony can get in; where critical analysis is brought in the breast pocket already prepared, and is freshened with a comma for the morning paper, after the procession moves!

Snobism in the great flanking vestibules, as bare and as beautiful as the inside of a packing box, through which my lady, with her train on her arm and her white cloak over her bare shoulders, sweeps as if she were one of the Valkyrie, and my dowager plays the Countess, and does the regnant business, with her fan for a sceptre, and the row of flankers bow as she bristles past, and she withers the policeman with the remark: "That is not my coach, sirrah! Don't you know my panel yet? It's a coronet, fellow!" Where the young men in dress-coats have pearl powder on their shoulders, and the old men wear an art triumph on every wrinkle, but down in their souls wish to God that the malt house would burn down, and where the merry middle aged men who are unfeminized and undowagerized go home whistling "The Babies on Our Block" upon the same corrective principle that discreet men nibble the toothsome clove after pouring down the malignant cocktail.

Snobism even in the gallery, where, from the peaks of cheapness, the frugal German barber and the intellectual German band master and the Saengerbundling cigarmaker, with his *Grüchen*, look down the canon of the auditorium upon the plains of the performance, and agree with Wagner in their simple souls, and with Mr. Stanton and Mr. J. y Gould that high art depends upon the number of people employed and the number of dollars employing; that a procession means passion; that *mise en scène* is music; that so long as something is going on, thoughts as well as things are progressing.

As if a squirrel couldn't go round in his cage without making an inch!

As if a music drama that needs a libretto, a score, a commentary and a history for its enjoyment didn't need a pedagogue for its appreciation.

Snoberry, my friends, beyond the limits of

The whole imputation of the Wagner doctrinaire is that lack of appreciation of Wagner is lack of intelligence. The supercilious contempt with which all philosophy not Wagnerian is regarded, becomes sheer pharisaism in the average musical kitten.

I have seen a most excellent fellow in a drawing-room, who had chased music down from Paradise to Palastrina, and then up to Fetis and Wagner, most top-loftily sat upon the demoiselles because he said that Wagner's *Abschied* shouldn't be put upon a self-sustaining basis in any house where there was more than one piano.

I have seen the boarding-school minxes at the Thomas concerts stop chattering and teeming and with brilliant shamefacedness exclaim: "Oh, there, that was a Wagner number, and we never applauded. What a shame!"

Some of the fellows who cling despairingly to the traditions and associations of Italian

generations were glad to walk in its storied paths and set its pulsing madrigals to noble utterance.

It is the cowardly fashion to speak with contempt of *The Trovatore* and *Martha*, because greater masters have wrought greater works. As if intellectual vanity compelled us to decry John Bunyan and Bobby Burns because Milton and Keats have lived.

But a composition that is unwrought as is *The Trovatore* with the romance of two generations cannot be whistled down the wind by superior prigs. You cannot get out of the recollections of that generation, at least, the voluptuous nights when song was a long delight, and melody came with divine impulse from gifted lips, and went with human witchery straight to human hearts.

We may have to acknowledge that Italian opera is done like the stories of Dumas and Hugo and Thackeray, and in its place we must have

If with that purpose a lover brought a club of declaimers to banish Wotan's *Abschied* under my window, and I were a maiden, by all the sawmills in Christendom I'd get hot water ready.

They would not sing so "wildly well" under other windows, because my admiration for music is tempered with what the Declaration of Independence calls a "decent regard" for the rest of my race.

If Mr. Theodore Thomas, who has climbed up on Wagner till he has reached English opera, were to tell me that Wagner's songs, like a Hamburg steak, were made tender by pounding, I should not disagree with him, though it would look very much as if he had gone to teaching the piano or xylophone. But when he adopts his master's theory and tells me that music is apprehended by the reason, I rejoice enthusiastically that algebra is absorbed by the liver.

What this age really needs is more romance. It is gone altogether on its art side to a hard, scrutinizing intellectuality, and on its social side to a systematic hypocrisy. It is ashamed to feel deeply, or to manifest emotion frankly. It is prouder of what it knows than of what it is. It has become a sign of good breeding to keep sentiment out of sight as it keeps its children hidden.

As if ideality were idolatry and maternal vigilance, of the wrong kind, were the price of liberty!

In our literature the authors parade themselves instead of their characters; on the stage the actor plays his personality, not his rôle.

And music—that sweetest, vaguest, subtlest and divinest of all arts, whose shadowy ministry has always furnished wings to the longings and aspirations of the angel that is in us—has been turned from passion to pageantry, and the simple, tuneful souls that once danced to its measures and carried away its daintiest fruits upon their lips have given place to the meurers and gaunters and critics—who insist that the test of worthiness is its being incomprehensible; the measure of beauty is its unattainability, and the award of effort is the silence of reason after the noise of art.

While I am writing this Patti is preparing for her *entrée*.

What a strange commentary on the new school, that one little woman with the old methods, the old repertoire, and the old charm stands pitted triumphantly against the populous ensemble, the Lord Mayor's-day Show, and the whole enginery of collective snobism, and excites more pleasure with her melodies than do the vociferous spectacles in which music is only the wind that fills the sail of the show and fans the puppets who bellow!

If you think I am not an admirer of Wagner you are mistaken. I think that Wagner is the champion bandmaster of the era. But I would as soon look for frankincense in a fish-peddler's wagon as for dramatic interest in his operas or for romance in his music.

NYM CRINKLE

Miss Cameron's "Revelation."

"To night has been a revelation to me," said Violet Cameron to a *Mirro* reporter after her performance at the Brooklyn Theatre on Monday night. "I had hardly hoped for toleration, but here I have been accorded a welcome such as I have not known since leaving home. It was indeed refreshing, and if I have only deserved it—if it is not the result of mere pity—I shall feel that perhaps I have made a mistake in determining upon an immediate return to England. The audience to-night—and you know it was very large—seemed like an old friend. I fear no stir lest I shall awake and find it all a dream. This night will blot out many of the unpleasant experiences that have been mine since I came to America. It will live in my memory always."

To Play Only in German.

On Saturday Gustave Amberg and Kit Clarke, manager of Marguerite Fish, entered into an agreement for the appearance of the latter in German on an extensive tour this season. The young lady will be supported by the Thalia Theatre operatic and dramatic company, which must not be confounded with the troupe now in the West called Amberg's Thalia company.

"Miss Fish, during the first week of her engagement at the Thalia," says Mr. Clarke, "will be seen in six comedies. From these we shall select the pieces to form the repertoire while en route. I have wired a number of managers holding dates if they would accept my star in German. The reply has been a universal 'Yes.'"



RACHEL BOOTH.

the malt-house—promenading in French stays at the *musical* and the four o'clock tea; pecked at the piano, where it sits on Bach to make it higher and doats on Liszt to make it lower; flocking to the Philharmonic with Brahms and Gounod under its arms and priggishness under its corset; looking down on all Philistines who love music for music's sake, and insisting that they shall love it for the sake of mathematics!

I asked a charming little Pharisee at a Philharmonic matinee if she did not admire Meyerbeer (we were talking about opera). She said: "Why, certainly not. I understand Meyerbeer!"

I never knew before why she admired Wagner.

A doctrinaire at the malt-house assured me when I said I did not care for *The Walküre* that I had not read "Kunstwerk der Zukunft."

Fancy a man having to read Richard Grant White before he can enjoy Shakespeare!

opera, remind me of the few exemplary and pious men that we read of in the time of the Roundhead revolution, who kept silence religiously while the whole nation was canting blasphemously.

I cannot help respecting their undying attachment to the sporadic Italian thing. For, after all, it is around the Italian opera that clusters all the romance, all the tender memories, all the passion of song and the poetry of noble utterances. It was on melodic feet that the illusive queens of the lyric stage came to us, and not in noisy chariots of declamation. It was along the hot veins of men and women that Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, poured their throbbing notes. If they could not throw down the walls of Jericho with their ram's horns they could build, as Amphion built the walls of Thebes, a golden city in the imaginations of men, and they peopled it with winged fancies, and all the song birds of the

subjectivity of mythology mingled with the mathematics of the maestro, as we have the platioties of James and Howells skirmishing in literature as romances, and bolstered for what they do not do by the doctrinaires of the *Couture* clique.

But we cannot forget that the arias of *The Trovatore* have been sung on all moonlit nights, across midsummer waters; have been trailed for their passion under the windows of many Leonoras; have wound their Tuscan measures with the gay love making at all the watering-places; have clung like the scarlet runner, rich with blood, to all the evenings of the past, when the heart sang and the imagination in golden armor was playing the chivalry of youth.

What a true saying is that of somebody's—

"Music cannot make us more virtuous or more intellectual; it's true function is to make us more susceptible and more romantic."

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

At the Theatres.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE—THE CHOUANS.	
Marquis de Montauran.....	Maurice Barremore
Baronne de Gonne.....	Albert Lang
Comte de Hauss.....	E. Hamilton Bell
Major Brigadier.....	Frank Lyman
Cotterau.....	James Cooper
Comtesse de R...ne.....	Grace Henderson
Princess de R...ne.....	Miss Sodenell
Marche...-Ferr.....	Tom Robertson
Polic...-Miche.....	William Haasen
Janvier.....	Laura Johnson
La Martine.....	Mary Shaw
Frances.....	Eliza Wilson
Colonel Hulot.....	James L. Carruth
Captain Gérard.....	Robert Taylor
Sergeant Beaupied.....	Robert Burnsby
Cousin.....	Charles Vandenhoff
Mme. du G...ne.....	Mary Foster
Mme. de Verneuil.....	Mme. Modjeska

Since the first performance of *The Chouans* at the Union Square on Wednesday evening of last week, the text has been pruned, the plot knitted closer and the action compressed. In spite of the length and laxity of the play when it was first brought out it scored a popular success, so that its future was assured. Now, however, with the changes that have been made, it comes much nearer to being a work that satisfies the critical observer. The representation, moreover, which was uneven on the occasion referred to, has become smooth and symmetrical. Notwithstanding the faults and objectionable features of the drama, the fact is established beyond question that in *The Chouans* Mme. Modjeska has secured a valuable addition to her repertoire, and one that is destined to remain in it a long time. Antagonism has been shown to the production in certain quarters for the sole and simple reason that the person responsible for the adaptation is the editor of a disreputable "society" journal, which regularly fills its pages with scandals and obscene stories about people well known in this community for the detraction of a numerous circle of readers, chiefly, we suppose, among the *deni monde*. Surprise has been expressed that Mme. Modjeska, an irreproachable woman who enjoys social relations with many of the class that this ribald and reprehensible sheet persistently aims in postures of paragraphs at, should accept and present to her very respectable body of admirers a piece from this pariah's pen. But we take it that all this bother is from the purpose, and that the press, with its prejudice, has a right only to discuss the adapter's work—not his character. While *The Mirror* is a conspicuous enemy to personality in journalism, we do not see what that phase of the matter has to do with the case. And it is, furthermore, the blackest injustice to measure a man's dramatic achievements by an estimate of his merit or character in any other pursuit. Here it is *The Chouans* and not the man that engrossed it that is on trial.

As we have hitherto stated, the piece is a dramatic version of the first novel to which Balzac stood forth as author. The complexity of the plot, the variety of character are difficult to reproduce in dramatic form, but considering the mass of material to be handled it is effectively transposed. The work of dramatization was performed by Pierre Barton. The incidents are strung upon the conflict of the Chouans of Brittany with the Directoire authorities. Mme. de Verneuil is a spy sent to ensnare and enmesh De Montauran, the chief of the Chouans. She falls in love with him, but he discovers her mission and wantonly turns her over to his henchmen. The death of both bring the play to a close. The piece is essentially picturesque, distinctly dramatic and fraught with intense interest from first to last. The leading role gives Modjeska opportunity for exceptionally fine acting. She is finished, ingenuous and satisfactory at all points of the personation. Mr. Barrymore as the Marquis is as handsome as a picture and quite as incisive as the role demands. Messrs. Carter and Vandenhoff and Miss Henderson are the most striking features of the rest of the cast. The play is staged in a beautiful manner, everything being done in the way of dresses and scenery to make the production as perfect as possible. The Chouans will no doubt fill out the remaining period of Modjeska's engagement to large houses.

The public did not give the Vokes management the benefit of a doubt on Monday evening. The illness of Rosina that had weighed a heavy discount in the audience on the first night at the Standard Theatre. With a slight allusion to the lack of quantity that is made up in quality, it may be said that the audience thoroughly enjoyed the bill of fare. Miss Vokes' coadjutors served up a delicious repast, the first course of which was Cousin Dick, a new one act comedy by Val Princep, who is an A. R. A., if nothing else. Had Cousin Dick been served last, the audience would have been sniffing the outer air by ten o'clock. It is merely a little game of cross purposes, with a letter as the pivot. Two sisters, Constance and Florence, are practising economy to live a living. Rich Cousin Dick writes the elder a letter that she construes as a proposal of marriage, and she rises to flights of delight, for she secretly loves him. The younger is shown the letter, and she at once jumps to the conclusion that the proposal is meant for her. On a second reading, Constance, the elder, thinks so, too, and she is plunged into despair. Cousin Dick appears to the younger, and they have a scene, in which the latter upbraids him for his hesitancy in popping the question. Dick is somewhat confounded, but eventually finds a chance to successfully press his suit with Constance, and the log clears. There is nothing particularly new in this middle, and it might have been better worked out by the principals. Helena Dacre was rather dull as the elder sister, Constance; but her foil, Florence, was charmingly played by Mabel Mullett, a very pretty young woman. Dick Dalzell, the puffed-up lover, was tamely played by Gordon Dalzell.

The next dish was *In Honor Bound*, another one act, but Courtney Thorpe and Agnes Miller had the "tat" in this piece, which has been already reviewed in these columns. As the argus-eyed old lawyer, Sir George Carlyon, Mr. Thorpe was excellent, and carried the audience with him in his every movement. He has one fault, however; it is sometimes puckering of the mouth and making up that was

rather disgusting. Gordon Dalzell again played a young lover—Philip Graham—and was more successful than in the first piece. Rose D'Alrymple, his h...c...e, was played by Agnes Miller, who made of the part a most confounding creature—in fact, she was sweetly interesting all through. Helena Dacre acted well enough as Lady Carillon when standing still or sitting down; but she was dowdily dressed, and her movements were awkward. In fact her locomotion at times created a slight buzz in the audience, which was too well bred to utter. Eastriders would have laughed out right.

A *Pantomime Rehearsal* roused the audience to high good humor. In this clever bit Mr. Elliott, who played the harassed author and manager, deserves first mention. He acted with much zest and earnestness, and was an admirable "feeder" to the swell but awkward amateurs. As he came on as the idiotic Lord Somersault, Weedon Grossmith was given the only demonstrative reception of the evening. Mr. Grossmith is a very droll comedian. His long, low, silly laugh was infectious, while his stupidity under the protests of the exasperated manager was very amusing. Gordon Dalzell was excellent as the big-mouthed military swell. Captain Tom Robinson, Misses Dacre, Millett, Dalzell and Miller made up a quartet of pretty and graceful amateurs. The return of Miss Vokes is awaited to bring a largely increased attendance at the Standard.

Virginia was put on the boards at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night before a critical and numerous audience. The stage setting was really excellent, and the arrangement of the groupings very fine.

The *Virginia* of Frederick Warde showed the result of continuous and profound study, not a point being omitted which could make the part approach the perfect semblance of nature. Every delicate nuance of light and shadow of the play of emotion, as well as of physical feeling, was represented. The parts in which he rose to the most pronounced skill were in particular the scene in which he pretends not to recognize his daughter's portrait of Icilius and affects ignorance of her being in love; his grief for the death of Dentatus, his surprise and doubt at the information of Lucius that he is wanted in the Court at Rome, and his rage at the abduction of his daughter; his height of feeling when he kills his daughter to save her honor, in the Forum scene; and parts of his subsequent madness. In the course of the mad scenes the points of action in which he seems to hear Virginia's voice; his recognition and strangling of Appius Claudius; his awakening from the trance-like transport of anger, and his affection even for the ashes of his daughter, were touches of fine perception and knowledge of human sentiment. The audience accepted the performance of the role throughout with enthusiastic applause, and Mr. Warde was called repeatedly before the curtain. The support deserves special mention for its excellence and the judicious casting of the parts. Second in point of histrionic power was the Appius Claudius of Thomas E. Gerrick. John F. Palmer filled the role of Caius Claudius very satisfactorily. The Numitorius of George Allen Watson was very good, while the part of Dentatus although admirably acted, especially in the opening scene, by L. F. Rand, betrayed in parts the far too common error of supposing mere loudness to support an effect of strong passion, whereas in truth it greatly detracts from it. Howard Kyd had a comparatively small part as Lucius, but amply showed in it evidences of an advancing ability and painstaking research. The *Virginia* of Eugenie Blair was a striking effort, especially in her alarm and indignation at her seizure as a slave. Praise is also due to the natural and artistic acting of Emmie Wilmet as the nurse, Servia. The part of the Slave was taken by Flora Gaines. Regarded in its entirety, the performance was one of high merit. Richard Third will be given this evening.

Roland Reed opened a good sized house at Poole's Theatre on Monday night, appearing in *Humbug*, a comedy that has now distanced *Cheek* in popularity. As the rollicking, hugging Jack Luster, Mr. Reed kept the audience in roars. They did not let go of his topical songs, especially "The Accent On," until the singer's verses were exhausted. Mr. Reed's curtain calls were numerous; in fact he never had a warmer welcome in this city.

This season the young comedian is surrounded by a more than usually good supporting company. The somewhat anonymous Patti is a pretty little soubrette, and as Nettie Shaw was a good foil to Jack. She sang and danced herself into the good graces of the audience. Tom Webber was excellent as Ned Ramsay, "mild as a lamb and yet a bear." Alice Hastings still plays the scheming widow, Mrs. Arminia Bertram Ponsonby, and it remains the same spirited and dashing performance. W. W. Plum—whoever he is—as an old Dutchman, Jacob Harts, gave a very clever character bit. In make up, dialect and action he was very natural, and was funny without effort. Bessie Hunter and Messrs. Reed (Julian), Gobay, Hight, Andrews and Palmer made up the rest of the excellent support. A better satisfied crowd than that of Monday night has never left the doors of Poole's Theatre since its opening. Next week, *A Wall Street Bandit*.

Edwin Booth was most heartily welcomed back to the Star on Monday night, the audience attesting its pleasure at the recovery and return of the great tragedian by the utmost enthusiasm. He gave his wonderfully subtle, insinuating and sinuous performance of Iago, and was evidently in the best of form. Mr. Barron as Othello received a double call after the great scene in the third act. Mr. Ahrendt was the Brahmin, Mr. Malone the Cassio, Mr. Fawcett the Roderigo and Emma Vassier the Desdemona. Emilia was nobly acted by Mrs. Foster. Richebeau is the play selected for this (Thursday) evening.

The Sparks company are enlivening the Grand Opera House this week with the merry jingle of their *Bunch of Keys*. The opening house was only fair in size, but the performance was as amusing as if the vacant seats had all been tenanted. Marietta Nash, Eugene Canfield and George Lauri carried off the

comic honors, as usual. Sally Cohen did the little specialties of Dolly Dobb's engagingly, and for the lullaby from *Emmie* secured an encore. All the other people in the minor parts contributed more or less toward making the evening enjoyable. Next week Connell's Opera company returns with the gorgeous production of *The Gypsy Baron*.

There is a strong and varied bill at Tony Pastor's this week, not the least remarkable feature of which is a wonderful electric organ. The programme here always offers bountiful enjoyment to the visitor.

Storm Beaten is again on deck, now at the Windsor, where good sized houses are enjoying the story of hate and love. Next week, *A Bunch of Keys*.

Monday night a big house gathered to see *The Silver King* at the People's. The spectators were enthusiastic over Charles Haswin's Wilder, and called him before the curtain three times. The company has already been noticed in these columns. Next week Frank Mayo appears in *Nordeke*.

Mr. Bishop's absence from the cast of Little Jack Sheppard Monday night, on account of his son's death, brought William Yardley to the fore as Blueskin. It was the librettist's first essay as an actor, but with the adaptability of all clever Englishmen he tackled the part with the determination that he would have taken up the cricketer's bat, and the wicket William came through the ordeal with flying colors. Jack, by the way, continues to pull good numbers to the *Bj...u*, and Mr. Goodwin keeps them while they are there in a continuous laughing humor.

According to the public announcements, people who never laughed before are laughing at *Sophia* as it is performed at Wallack's Theatre, and we are furthermore informed that that gifted critic, J. Howard, Jr., pronounces the representation an absolute success. This, of course, dissipates all doubt and anxiety as to *Sophia*. Under the circumstances it must hold the boards until we, I, will not prophesy, except to say, until Sister Mary is ready.

Miss Fortescue's performances at the Lyceum are numerously and fashionably attended. Her Frou-Frou has excited general interest, and society is in a flutter over her beautiful gowns. Frou-Frou will be followed with a double bill comprising *King Rene's Daughter and Sweethearts*. These selections will display Miss Fortescue's versatility, if she possesses that quality.

Caught in a Corner is coining ducats for M. B. Curtis, party of the first part, and J. W. Rossenquest, party of the second part, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The comedy is uproarious, and Curtis' characterization irresistible. It will remain the attraction as long as possible. The management are trying to secure a slice of Denman Thompson's time.

The O'Reagans—Harrigan's acting—his company's mirth-making—Braham's songs—crowded houses: these are the pleasant and noticeable features around the Park Theatre at present. The same order of things is likely to continue indefinitely.

Jim the Penman is packing the Madison Square. The demand for seats is so unusual that the time for booking has been extended to four weeks in advance. The play is exciting and absorbing, the performance well nigh faultless, and the mounting superb. Friends of the management confidently predict that Jim the Penman will run through the entire season.

The Musical Mirror.

The representation of *Alia* by the German company at the Metropolitan, on Friday evening, was as good an occasion as could well be found to illustrate the yawning chasm between the old and the new schools of grand opera. The production was magnificently mounted, the orchestra excellent, the work one of Verdi's best, and the singers good representatives of their own class—yet the total effect was unsatisfactory.

The reason is not far to seek. Modern German opera, as represented by Wagner and his followers, refuses, as all intelligent music lovers know, to allow predominant importance to the mere sensuous pleasure of the ear. Of equal value, or even of predominant weight, as some of their opponents contend, are the poetic beauty of the text, the interest of the story, the nice correspondence between the thought to be conveyed and its musical expression, and the richness and appropriateness of scenery, costumes and accessories. The special virtues of the old Italian school, such as warm vocal color, purity of vocal emission, delicacy and correctness of phrasing and melodic grace of composition—all these are subordinated, in the new tendencies, to the specially dramatic features of the representation. Every weight is laid on the elements which tend to enforce the specific thought, which set forth most clearly the story as a story. The listener who, neglecting plot and text, expects to have his ear charmed with pleasant sounds, simply as such, will come sparsely off. He must even reckon himself lucky if his merely melodic taste is not shocked with harshness and dissonance, or wearied with monotonous wastes of what to the unregenerate seems like downright platitudes. Uncertain intonation, dry declamation, toneless, colorless voices and rough, noisy, explosive phrasing must not distract him from the higher enjoyment he is supposed to take in the fortunes of his legendary heroes and heroines—the Siegfrieds and Hundings and Brunhildes of the new dispensation. In short, his pleasure must be mainly rhetorical, logical and dramatic, rather than musical, as the term has been conventionally understood.

The Sparks company are enlivening the Grand Opera House this week with the merry jingle of their *Bunch of Keys*. The opening house was only fair in size, but the performance was as amusing as if the vacant seats had all been tenanted. Marietta Nash, Eugene Canfield and George Lauri carried off the

Alia is, in some sense, a product of the new tendencies, and shows the influence of the Wagnerian school on a composer hitherto deemed entirely conventional. It is from beginning to end splendidly dramatic and picturesque, and vigorous with that fine adaptation of the score to the feeling and the situation which the reformers consider imperative. But none the less is it permeated, from overture to finale, with the warm color and rich sensuous melody of the Italian school. It must be sung not declaimed, and this is precisely what the German company fails to do. It is almost inevitable that, coming fresh from *Tristan* and the *Walkyrie*, they should bring with them not only their individual characteristics, but their acquired traditions, and attempt to render the very human love and suffering of Alia and Rhadames with the same appliances which have served them for the Titanic emotions of the mediæval legend. The result was on Friday almost throughout, incongruous and inartistic. What they did was to give a finely vigorous presentation of the play of Alia; but Verdi's beautiful music got but scant justice at their hands. The arias and concerted music, in their primitive and broken phrasing, were often reduced to the level of recitative, and the recitations to that of mere prose declamation. Amonasro in the hands of Herr Robinson was an excellent piece of acting, pure and simple, while the merely musical element almost entirely disappeared. And the same is reasonably true of the Amneris of Fr. Brandt. Frau Herbert Foerster failed to give full expression to the beautiful cantabile music of Alia; her incisive piano to sustain her notes and her painful *trill*s would alone unfit her for this class of work and Herr Zabel has neither the voice nor the style for the hero lover, Rhadames.

These shortcomings, however, were measurably atoned for by the excellence of the ensemble. The chorus was prompt and steady and the orchestra thoroughly good. Of the magnificence of the setting it is almost needless to speak; in such matters the Germans are nothing if not liberal. The wealth of light, scenery, costumes and accessories might well go far to make up in the delight of the eye what was lacking to the ear, and such a stream of waving fans, and glittering mail, and gorgeous robes, and grim idols, and grinning crocodiles, and queer stuffed deities as flitted about would alone unfit her for this class of work and Herr Zabel has neither the voice nor the style for the hero lover, Rhadames. The return of the favorite operetta, *Emmie*, with its witty and well constructed book and its lively music, was welcomed by crowds of pleased listeners. The cast has been somewhat changed but is still an exceptionally good one. Frank Wilson remains in his original part of *Cadeaux* (Jack Strop). Mark Smith plays the other thief, the Robert Macaire of the drama, instead of Daboll, and plays it right well, by no means imitating the other but giving a thoroughly intelligent and spirited version of his own, which is far better than a servile copy. Pauline Hall is bright and handsome as before. Marie Jansen and Bella Thorne are vast improvements on their predecessors in their respective parts, and both were greeted with showers of applause and demands for the repetition of their songs. Bella Thorne got a most enthusiastic encore for her air in the first act, and is a decided acquisition to the Casino company. The minor characters were all well sustained, as is the case in this well organized and carefully trained opera company. Jess Williams was very warmly welcomed back, together with his admirable band, and the chorus did their part to make the whole entertainment worthy of their director and of the theatre that has given us so many admirable pieces admirably played.

The *Mikado* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is doing very well. Geraldine Warner's indisposition cast rather a shadow over the affair, but, spite of that misfortune, the performance goes well right, and this most admired of comic operas has lost none of its favor with the public. Courtice Pounds is still the ideal Nanki-Poo, and his collaborators second him bravely. The band chorus and scenic effects are simply perfect in all respects.

Koster and Bial are doing excellent well with their clever burlesque and admirable specialties, which delight crowded audiences every night.

The first part of Dockstader's musical minstrelsy is of quite unexpected excellence. Harry Pepper's fine tenor voice and genuine school of ballad singing are among the attractions of the performance. All his own songs, by his own self-motiv, are melodious and effective; while McQuade's fine baritone, Noble's noble base, and Joe's tuneful alto are all gems of vocalization. We have never had such good music in a minstrel band before.

Professional Doings.

Charlotte Thompson will shortly take to the road.

John M. Veigh has left the *Condemned to Death* company.

Fred Bryton's dates are being cancelled in favor of a new route.

Frank E. McNish, the minstrel, plays an engagement in Paris next Summer.

Adelaide Moore opens the new Opera House at Waterloo, Ia., on Saturday night.

Marie Petraslavsky, late of Ida Lewis' company, is at liberty for juveniles or soubrettes.

W. E. White's Chestnuts company, with Harry Clarke as star, opens in Denver this week.

Florence Potter plays Rose with a Confusion company that opens in Brooklyn next week.

Leonna Bradley has been temporarily playing the leading role in *Condemned to Death*.

Beatrice Lieb has joined Maude Granter's company. She plays Kate Wilmuth in *Lynwood*.

There is some talk of *Chalet* and *Gallic* of Pittsburgh, opening a low-price theatre in Louisville.

T. J. Farren has cancelled all his Eastern dates and goes directly West and thence South and Southwest.

Frank C. Cooper, business manager of the Chicago Opera company, retired from the company at Omaha last week and returned to Chicago.

—R. L. Marsh retires from the management of the *Grand Opera House*, Milwaukee, at the close of this season.

—Marie Clarke leaves Louise Rice's company at the close of this week and joins Eben Pympton in *Jack*.

—Boxing is so poor in Sherman, Texas, that Manager Bassell threatens to close his theatre if it does not improve.

—Jessie Buckner, a daughter of General S. B. Buckner, joins Gardner's *Zoo* company in New Orleans on Sunday night.

—Robert Mantell opened at the *Winton Opera House*,

The Giddy Gusher.



Very few women have ever signalized a victory over Mrs. Necessity by a successful flirtation with the old lady's pet child, Invention, and I am heartily glad of it.

It was the daughter of a blacksmith who remembered that when her mother was ill her father buried the base of his anvil in sand, that the noise of the near-by forge might not annoy her, and, applying this recollection to the Sixth avenue elevated roads, patented an invention that came, like Holmes' pouliche, "to heal the blows of sound," robbing the road of half its row.

It was a woman who got up that patent inkstand that won't tip over, or, rather, the one that always keeps tipping over but never spills.

It was a woman who invented that beautiful fastener for the Albert cravat, that makes two distinct pin-pricks in a man's shirt front and can never be replaced in the same holes, and leads me to sing out to the tune of "The Bells":

Oh, the holes, the holes
The little tell-tale holes!
What a world of mischief!
That Fastener controls!
How it tells of your restitude,
Just two holes, and no more,
But opens a divorce case
For the wife who finds there's *four!*

It was a woman who invented the self-rocking cradle that wound up with a bed-key.

But these are mere drops in the bucket of patents that slops over all creation. I'm living in a nest of man's inventions—in fact, I may say, like the doctor's boy who took the pills, "They are experimenting on me." All the new-fangled ideas this side of sundown made easy prey of my gentle landlord. A plumb full of theories got hold of him; an architect of vague possibilities had already laid him captive; he yielded to the latest nonsense. He was even weak enough to give in to an advanced plasterer who had views.

One of the advantages of the flat this flat took was steam-heat. A gentle, perpetual, even glow of Summer warmth was the thing she supposed steam-heat to be. She surveyed heavily-gilded radiators with sublime confidence—confidence that has been betrayed in the most sickening manner. That infernal steam heat begins to choke and snort in the pipes about 7 A. M. At 9 she's booming; the place is hot as Jake Sharp. At 12 noon, for some reason, it is shut off. The premises cool like so much mutton-tallow; the thermometer tumbles from 76 degrees to 40 in an hour. Your hitherto fire-proof Gusher gets such a cold as never went anywhere.

At 3, after a protracted seance with a tantalizing janitor, the place warms up for business. We just "bile" till half past 9, when I expect the furnaces are banked up and the janitor bunks up for the night. Now, Captain Kane never need have gone to the North Pole in search of death by cold. He could have perished like a frog at Ninety second street in my flat. This is one of man's inventions, and I privately kiss him for it.

Then we have electric bells and door-openers; and little things like these are not to be depended upon like the old fashioned affairs that were worked by muscular force and ocular power. Twice a day the front door won't open, and the blushing tennants climb out the cellar opening looking like detected thieves.

Last night I started to see my friend Aronson return, after a season of mourning, to the festivities that have always marked his career at the Casino. I wanted to see that most beautiful of brunettes, Pauline Hall, and that most piquante of brunettes, Marie Jansen, and that most comical blonde, Frank Wilson, again assert the supremacy of the most attractive place of amusement in New York. I got as far as the front door. Inside there was an anxious parent of a sick child flattening his nose against the aesthetic glass—that we are so full of—and outside there was the highly medicated countenance of Dr. Robertson, full of relief for the patient waiting to get in. Inside was a much dressed up young lady, the color of a ripening strawberry or a recent mosquito bite, peering through a pink bull's-eye glass at a young man who was sucking a hammered silver ball as if it was one of Succi's sustaining fast pills.

Outside there was a darky caterer with a series of tin cans, lashed ingeniously together, in which reposed rapidly congealing portions of porridge, pork and pie.

Inside was the lonely, empty bachelor of the third floor, who has his wittles conveyed to his vitals per maje three times a day in this fashion.

We were a pretty party, outside and inside, The Doctor and I exchanged prescriptions, in which there were few scruples and no drachms.

Finally, at 8:30, when the sick child was past help, when the lover had gone to call on another girl, and the third-floor bachelor had

flounced from inanition, the junior suggested that if I was going to the theatre that evening I had better go through the cellar. Think of that! Drag that pale mauve toilette, that I had intended to delight E. A. Aronson's critical eye with, over tons of coal—Chestnut, Lettuce and Lackawanna! "Not much!" I stopped at home to consider the enormity of man's blighted inventions, and wish he wouldn't, while the janitor took the door off its hinges. As for that merry little devision, the electric bell, my landlord had better have fitted us up with some supernatural chestnut bells. Ours ring once in a while, oftener they don't. My friends come and punch the button till they are tired, so I have just hung a ticket on the bell-pull saying: "If no one answers in half an hour, send out a fire alarm at the corner."

Of course I will go see the engines and so see my visitors.

I dropped in to hear Robert Ingersoll, the other evening, and I couldn't but think that the Lord was making a great mistake in letting the doctors cure that throat. I have been following up the wonderful iconoclast for the last six or eight years, and every time I hear him, he seems to be brighter, bigger and better. We have no orator who bears any comparison to him. The defunct Sumner and the deceased Phillips got up lectures that were carefully carved and polished, and made of the best marbled language. Ingersoll creates a living, breathing, singing, swaying, laughing, tearful entertainment—amusing, instructive, intensely human, and undeniably enjoyable.

On one of the very wet days of last Fall—a drizzling, gloomy afternoon in late November—I was waiting in a couple at the door of a friend's house in Thirty-ninth street, and I tell to watching a poor devil of a man who had sat down in a church door opposite.

I thought he was the result of some corner-gin till he lifted his miserable head and showed a lean, anxious, but perfectly sober, face, and I made up my mind that I would not leave the spot without an effort to help an evidently suffering human being.

It was approaching dinner-time, and a world of returning citizens hurried past the homeless man. Perhaps he thought the story of his need was written on his haggard face, for he kept it upturned in speechless misery to the callous passers by.

The side door of the church opened, and three sleek, well-fed gentlemen, one of them in clerical cut garments, came forth.

"Thank the Lord!" said I to myself; "here's help at last. They will never fail to see that poor sinner by the gate."

But they raised their umbrellas, they exchanged parting words at his very knees, and went their several ways as indifferent to the water-soaked wretch who leaned against their door-post as they would be to a bottle of cod-liver oil in a drug shop window.

Perhaps ten minutes went by (Marie always took half an hour to hunt her gloves and pin on her hat); fifty more prosperous gentlemen gave the poor man a careless look, when, piling down the street, I saw a big man with a boy's face and a very small umbrella.

Robert Ingersoll, by the big unlighted torch of Liberty!

I made a mental bet in a second that this man, this Cheery Brothers rolled into one, would never bestow indifference on my miserable claimant. And he didn't. He lumbered, into one puddle and out of another, revolving some pleasant circumstance in his mind, for almost a smile played over his broad, jolly face. He plodded straight by my man, his head bent. Was it possible he didn't see him, or, seeing him, would display the same Christian indifference I had been watching for twenty minutes?

No, bless him! He halted in the pleasantest puddle on the block; he turned an inquiring look on the lowly wayfarer; he held the small umbrella carefully over his humble brother that the steaming tips might not add a drop to his dripping misery. I watched him question the sinner by the tabernacle, and as the answers were given from the pitiful face, a sympathetic interest shone on my good Samaritan.

He stretched forth his hand and helped the man on to his feet; he steadied him for a moment, for the drenched wretch was ill, and finally Mr. Ingersoll, who had been heading eastward, reversed his engines, took the poor man by the arm, and went off to the west, piloting, sustaining, comforting, and, I have no doubt, providing for a woe it had struck no other man to relieve during all the afternoon.

I've seen Robert Ingersoll in very swell company. I've seen him in more dress-coat than would run a Delmonico ball—guests and waiters. I've seen him when he thought he looked well enough to have his picture taken. But I could see a nimbus round his trowsers and a halo round his shirt-collar as he padded off down the street with the famished wanderer of the church-gate, and I know he was the finest looking man in the United States that afternoon.

Just all that incident indicated I heard him say in Chickering Hall the other night. Through all the magnificent passages of his splendid appeal for the poor and down-trodden I could see the old picture framed by the coupe window, and I shall never cease to remember that kindly the time when he did what I wanted to do, and what I sat in the rain planning how to do.

He has a wife and two daughters, and no doubt a few affectionate female friends, and I hope the next time they kiss that expansive countenance they will put in a dose of extra warmth for the sake of the

GIDDY GUSHER.

Miss Dauvray's Unnamed Play.

Bronson Howard, the playwright, was seen by a MIRROR reporter just before he left for Chicago, to which city he goes to superintend the final rehearsals of his new comedy. Concerning the unnamed play he said: "I consider the work the best of my life. The plot is novel. With the exception of the hero and villain, the characters are all American. There has been no attempt made to portray any peculiar types of character. Except in the first act there are really no distinctive farcical points in the play, which I might properly call a romantic comedy-drama. Miss Dauvray's character is that of a hoydenish American girl, something after the style of Kate Sibley in *One of Our Girls*, but will really give her greater opportunities to display her talents as an actress. The first act occurs in the wilds

of the Adirondack Mountains, and if you have ever been there you know the possibilities afforded in this scene for the painter and stage carpenter. The second act passes at Livingston-on-the-Hudson, while the action of the third and last act occurs on the verandah of a hotel on the shores of Lake Champlain. So you see I have not forgotten to give the painter a chance. Several titles have suggested themselves, but I shall not christen it until I see one rehearsal at least."

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Nov. 28.

This week it has been the correct thing with West enders to make up exploring parties to the Distant Orient—Shoreditch to wit—where the Standard, a house that is claimed to seat more than any other theatre in London, is located. Here an extraordinary play called *A Dark Secret* has been nailed up over and around a Tank by James Willing, Jr., and John Douglass. Willing is an advertising agent and bill-sticker, and has (on play-bills) figured for some years past as a Standard author. It may be said in Willing's favor that no one who really knows him for one moment suspects him of having written these or any other plays. All he has done is to lend the use of his name to the real culprit, who is his friend, John Douglass, the proprietor of the Standard Theatre, and who, either from excessive modesty, commendable shame or singular superstition, has hitherto abstained from putting his own name to any pieces but pantomimes. As there can be no doubt that *A Dark Secret* is a big success, it may be that now Douglass has once broken the ice he will henceforth adventure upon his own account and leave Willing to find another collaborator.

I do not propose to tell you the plot of *A Dark Secret*. That way madness lies. Neither will I give you any excerpts from the dialogue, which is for the most part beneath contempt, though quite up to the average of its predecessors. No; I well tell you about the Tank, which is really the biggest thing of its kind ever put upon any stage. The Tank's reason for existence is the scene "Regatta Day at Henley-on-Thames—the race for the Diamond Sculls," and the reason for showing Henley Regatta at all is the Tank, the notion of which, it is only fair to suppose, first of all budded forth in the author's brain, the rest of the play, as I have already said, being subsequently nailed up around it. This Tank, then, is 138 feet long and twenty feet wide, and it is filled with real water, the depth of which ranges from two feet at the back to four feet in the front, where the finish for the Diamond Sculls takes place. At the O. P. side this lake—for it is little less—extends far beyond the wings, its limit being some railway arches, outside the theatre. The tank is a fixture on the stage so long as *A Dark Secret* runs and all the other set scenes are built so as to cover it. I am not hogs on stage realism, but must honestly admit that this regatta scene is a most magnificent stage picture. The backcloth, painted with the skill for which Richard Douglass, the Standard scenic artist, is renowned, represents Henley Bridge and the river bank, the effect of crowds of spectators being very cleverly indicated. Houseboats full of picknickers line the course. Real wherries, outriggers, punts, gondolas, and goodness knows what, row hither and thither upon the real water. Real swans wobble aimlessly around, evidently very much mixed as to the whole proceedings—and then, to crown all, a real steam-launch worked by real steam comes snorting and puffing and screeching in and out and round about and up and down and making the whole thing so startlingly lifelike that you rub your eyes and wonder whether, after all, you are not looking at a real Henley through the wrong end of your opera-glass. The realism does not end here, for presently boats are upset and their occupants fished out of the water drenched and dripping, hugely to the delight of their kind friends in front, who can always appreciate practical humors of this sort. Finally rain descends in torrents and some of it runs into the orchestra.

After all these wonders what could anyone care about the play? Not much, anyhow. Suffice to say that it is full of horrors. In the prologue a man is put to bed in "the Tower Chamber," and next morning is found with his head cut off. The coroner's jury bring it in suicide. But the dead man's sweetheart doesn't think much of coroners' juries, and devotes her life to the unravelling of this *Dark Secret*. In the process she is put into a vat, which is filled up with water to drown her, only it doesn't. This persecuted lady's young step-sister is treated worse still. Her French governess pinches her black and blue, shakes her, and flogs her severely with horsewhip. Finally, the poor little girl is sent to bed in "the Tower Chamber," to be drugged first and murdered afterward. She locks out of window and sees two men digging her grave. Her coffee is drugged, but she won't drink, and the wicked Frenchwoman drinks it instead, and presently goes to sleep on the bed. Enter then the two chief villains, father and son, with a small pick-axe, which they drive through the sleeping Frenchwoman's brain three times, and all thus ends happily.

Some of these horrors are lifted out of "Uncle Silas"—a grim novel by Sheridan Le Fanu—but the dialogue is Willing or Douglass' Very Own. It's a thousand times better than that.

Stella Brereton (Mrs. Richard Douglass) plays the poor little girl who is flogged, and Amy Steinberg (Mrs. John Douglass) plays the strong-minded step-sister who gets everything straight. Both ladies show to great advantage. Dolores Drummond plays the French governess with Frenchish malice. Julian Cross and Henry Bedford are the villainous villains.

The long-promised adaptation of *Josephine Vendue par ses Soeurs*, an opera bouffe now

fairly familiar to New Yorkers, duly made its appearance at the Opera Comique the other night. This was "Englished" (as you Americans put it) by Charles Marsham Rae, who, by reason of his being usually a smart adapter from the French—as witness his version of *The Man with Three Wives*—was promptly forgiven by public and press for a wretched thing he committed some time ago called *Doo Brown & Co.*, which ran almost a week. I need hardly tell you that *Josephine*, etc., in its original state would not do for the English theatrical market, which, as you know, is watched over by the Lord Chamberlain and the Licensor of Plays, who are supposed to prevent the display of wares that may be adulterated with indecency. Now, apart from the indecency suggested or expressed, of *Josephine*, etc., it was avowedly a broadly drawn travesty of the Scriptural story of Joseph and his brethren, and burlesques of Biblical subjects is what the bold British playgoer will not tolerate in any shape or form. This being so, Rae has removed everything that may be deemed irreverent—so much so, in fact, that he has not only called the piece *Our Diva*, but has renamed the heroine *Caroline*.

Hidden Worth was somewhat crudely constructed and, the first act (after the prologue) was totally unnecessary, but it contained some admirable dialogue and character drawing, and if the piece had been rehearsed and stage managed, and players had remembered their lines, it would have achieved considerably more success than it did. James Fernandez, J. G. Graham J. G. Taylor and Dolores Drummond all worked hard and nobly to pull the piece along, and gave respectively sound pieces of acting; but they were all handicapped by Ada Cavendish, whose knowledge of the text was so imperfect that she seemed in a continual nervous fright. It was evident that this powerful pathetic actress was extremely ill.

In all this commendable eagerness to avoid offence, Rae has not been careful to give us a brisk look. The first act, although it played half an hour too long on the first-night, was amusing enough, and ended effectively. But after that the story seemed to limp feebly, so weak was it. And although in Victor Rogers' music we now and again had a bright number that drew forth genuine applause, Rae had little share in any success of that sort, for the words he had supplied to the air were of a crude, jerky and unsingable kind. Part of the second act caused a flutter for awhile under the shirt-bosoms of stalites by reason of a number of decollete dangles being discovered posing prettily about the harem of Alfred, Pasha. But this soon subsided. There were opportunities for plenty of fun in *Our Diva*, alias *Josephine*, etc., but Rae seems to have been too great a hurry with his book, and so has missed them. Therefore, notwithstanding the vocal and histrionic ability of Frank Celi as Montoclo, Frank Wyatt, a really droll Pasha, Effie Clements as the Diva, Madame Amadis, the wife of Toole's stage manager, George Loveday, as Madame Dubois (formerly Mother Jacob) and of a merry if somewhat extravagant actress, Minnie Marshall, as the frisky Fifine, it does not seem very probable that *Our Diva* will revive the long fallen fortunes of the Op. Com., otherwise the Theatre Royal Tunnels.

The *Daily Telegraph* has been picking holes in the stockings of a clever and popular French actress—Mile. Jeanne Granier. This lady, it appears, has recently been sued by her laundress for a washing-bill to the tune of nearly 2,000. The D. T. "special" who wires over his views concerning Paris Day by Day, not content with revealing the fact that the actress' stockings are of silk and that they cost 150, a pair, must needs go on to say that when sent to the wash they, with other articles of underclothing, almost invariably need repair. After this it is to be hoped that the D. T. will never again tell us that the public have the right only to deal with an actress' doings on the stage, and that it is altogether wrong to discuss her private affairs. It is literally playing it low down, and is a darned shame to throw the fierce light of publicity on her undarned stockings.

Yesterday, critics and others were called to the Prince of Wales' (the late Prince's), at the top of the Haymarket, to take note of a new drama called *Hidden Worth*, and written by one Horace Sedger. This name is not familiar to the general public, but we critics (how clever we are, to be sure!) know it is owned by a handsome orange-tawny bearded young Israeltite, who is the husband of Augustus Harris' sister Nelly and part-runner (with Edgar Bruce and Co.) of the Prince of Wales' show aforesaid. For some few days the public had read in connection with the advertisements of this piece, the following quatrain out of Tennyson:

All precious things discovered late,
To those who seek them issue forth;
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from "Hidden Worth."

The said readers failing (as may be gathered from the above) to grasp the lordly laureate's meaning, they not unnaturally wondered what *Hidden Worth* could be all about. Well, I will tell you.

It was in a prologue and three acts. The scene of the prologue was a gambling saloon in the Humboldt Valley, Nevada. So, you see, the play, to start with, should have some interest for Americans. In this saloon you found several cowboys, miners, loafers, tramps, and so forth, who all carefully avoided the American as she spoke. To make up for this, however, they got through a lot of cursing, drinking, shooting and stabbing, as is, I believe, the custom of the country. In this saloon was found Kate Evaline Kellie, known as "Little Kit." She was shown to have yearnings for a better life, also to have been lured into matrimony by Arias Heniques, "miner, on ticket-of-leave." Eventually, after an extra special murder, viz., of Jim, "a lucky miner," Little Kit resolves to leave the saloon at once and forever and is helped to it by a gift of money from William Shaw, mine proprietor. With Kit forming a picture outside the window, and with Shaw and a friend keeping the murderers at bay, the prologue came to an end, making you feel that a good deal of dramatic stuff was in it, and would have come out of it, if it had been stage-managed.

After a long, long wait, meant to symbolize the lapse of three years, and long enough to make you think the lapse was to be gone through literally, the play proper was served up. In this we found Kit, now calling herself Eva, married to the Rev. Compton Hastings, Rector of Stanstead, Kent. Of course, as is the custom in plays, Kit-Eva had never dropped a word to her husband about her "past." Not she. If she had, Shaw could not have mysteriously turned up as he did and pointed out to his old friend the Rector how that Eva was no other than Little Kit, the companion of gamblers and murderers in Nevada and the lawful wedded wife of the miner on ticket of leave who helped to murder Jim, the lucky miner. Terrible trouble ensued. Eva left her home, also a letter to say why. The parson's peace of mind was gone forever. And when it all seemed too late Shaw, the officious, discovered, by means of a ring, that Kit was his own child by his first wife, who deserted him (shaw) twenty years before, and died with Kellie to Nevada, where she died.

—Southern managers complain bitterly of John W. Jennings' lack of faith in keeping his contracts with them in the matter of the play *Confusion*. Several letters of complaint have been received by the MIRROR, and the Randall Bureau comes in for a share of the censure. Manager Albert, of Chattanooga, Tenn., is the latest to send on his grievance. But if Manager Albert had read his MIRROR carefully he would not have been led astray, for the collapse of the *Confusion* company was therein distinctly stated.

—Ullie Akerstrom has become an established favorite in New England. This little lady tests the capacity of every house at which she plays. She plays an extended repertoire, some of the plays upon standard, others new and her own exclusively. Eastern managers, in their eagerness for return dates, are only too glad to give testimonial letters attesting Miss Akerstrom's drawing powers. Much of the star's success is due to the

PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

Wilson Barrett repeated *Claudian* for the first performance of the week, and for a Wednesday matinee gave *A Clever Fakir*, *Chatterton* and *The Color Sergeant*. I must postpone any comment on these three latter plays, as I was unable to be present. The bill will be repeated during this week. On Thursday evening *Cito* was given. This play is not strong, but it is well done. *Never Say Die* is the latest comedy, and it is too much as for informed taste. *New Fashions*, as the comedian and belle dressed, looked and acted the part to perfection; but in the stronger scenes her voice was not so heavy but that she failed of the best effects, and scolded and ranted rather ineffectively. She should study the shortcomings of her voice and use moderation in tones, and thus gain in impressiveness. Mr. Barrett's *Cito* is well conceived and well played. The play in some things suggests *Alfredo's Heart*, but not Mr. Barrett's method or manner, which are particular and peculiar to his own. He grows on one, and so does his co., as well. The houses are crowded nightly.

The Boston Theatre was closed on Monday night, owing to Lily Langtry's illness. Tuesday night she appeared to a crowded house; but I had arranged to see her later in the week, so only remained a few minutes, knowing there would be more room on a subsequent evening. But when her name was mentioned, the audience was silent. *Never Say Die* was the latest, and for the remainder of the week, and gave her usual fine impersonation of Pauline. I have seen many bad *Claudine Minettes*, but *Charles Coghlan* brought me additional pleasure. I was much amazed as grieved.

Harbor Lights at the Boston Museum and *Adonis* at the Hollis Street Theatre, etc., etc.

[Composer, please have this line stereotyped.]

The *Strategists* was given a series of excellent performances at the Bijou Theatre by the co. headed by Charles F. Tupper and Harry Trayer. Houses were large, and audiences delighted.

The specialty co. headed by William Carroll did a large week's business at the Howard Atheneum. Carroll is the most daring tight-rope performer I ever saw. *Hilda Thomas* in *vocalism*, and *Kitty O'Neil* in dancing, were as pleasing as ever.

Arizona Joe made the Windsor Theatre fairly well with a play called *The Blackwicks*, last week, which did some money, but showed a decided lack of dramatic power and ability. I could get no bill this night. I looked on, and do not know the Irish comedian's name; but he was excellent in a dry way. A trained dog did some clever work in disarming some sleeping desperadoes.

Rescue: Maggie Mitchell took in the Globe Wednesday afternoon.—The Tavern Club entertained Wilson Barrett at supper Thursday evening, and after the performance of *Cito* on Saturday evening Henry R. Dixey gave Mr. Barrett and a lot of his own personal friends a supper at the Vendome. The co. had several central breakfasts and luncheons by different people in different places. Glad that Mr. B. does not go hungry. It's English, you know, and so does James A. Gilbert, who will build a toboggan slide at Oakland Garden this winter, and make things hum.—Marcus Mayer was in town last week.—D'Ennery's latest success, *The Martyr*, will be an early attraction at the Bijou.—Conly, the photographer, has finished some fine photographs in color of the *Opera House*, *Chamber of Commerce*, too, last week, and met with a hearty reception everywhere.—Anvina Bonney, one of our accomplished teachers, and the composer of several songs published by a Boston house, is to give twelve lectures at her residence on Otis Place soon.—In the excitement of one scene in *Clito*, when Helle is spoken of and denounced vociferously, I thought for a moment of a lot of Chinamen indulging in profanity.—Last night's business at the Windsor Theatre was the largest ever done at the house, which was packed at every performance with a dozen or more people crowded into each of the boxes.

PHILADELPHIA.

The business at all the houses for the past week has been very good.

At the Chestnut Street Theatre Fanny Davenport has been greeted nightly by audiences that filled every part of the house. She presented *Fedora*, *School for Scandal*, *London Assurance* and *Oliver Twist*. *Fantomas* 22.

The Gypsy Baron has closed its season at the Chestnut Street Theatre, and found a marked improvement of business upon its second week. While the opera and the principal singers were in many respects unsatisfactory, the performances were in the main a pleasure, and that proved more attractive upon each successive visit. This week and next, *Hoodman Blinde*.

At the Walnut Street Theatre Minnie Maddern has been very successful in *Caprice*. I am very glad the lady saw fit to return to this play, for it suits her much better than that of last season. The play itself is certainly not of much account, for its plot is very slender and it is lacking in action and in strong situations; but it is well produced, and the scenes are well done.

For Mrs. Maddern's performance I have almost unqualified praise. It is true she has strong mannerisms, but her merits far outweigh them. She has a very winning presence and a frank, ingenuous manner that is very captivating. She has an excellent knowledge of her art, and much of her stage business is entirely original, and certainly unexpected. She had entire control of her audience, and made tears and laughter follow her bidding. Her acting is full of charm and her entire performance will live in memory long and tenderly. The support was excellent, and most hearty praise is due T. J. Herndon's Jethro Baxter, D. G. Longworth's Professor and William Morris' Jack Henderson. The latter proved himself to be possessed of much ability. In many respects he strongly resembled Mr. Mantell. This week W. J. Scanlan; J. B. Polk 22.

The new English comedy by Edward Ross, entitled *Order*, at the Arch Street Theatre, proved a failure. Compared with many of the farcical comedies which have achieved success in the past few years, judgment upon this work would have to be quite lenient, so I will consider it upon its merits alone. The plot turns upon the blundering and eccentric conduct of Alexander Fitz, who returns to England from the Sandwich Islands to seek a former sweetheart. Alexander is amiable, but his conduct is in the mind of a bridal party, he wrongfully supposes her to be the bride, and hastily arranges a plan of revenge and self-advancement. In pursuance of this plan he abducts the bride-groom, who has just been united to another woman, Hilda Bell and Laura Joyce-Bell as Ko-Ko and Katisha simply convulsed the house. Digby introduces more original business into the part than any comedian who has been along this way yet. Bertha Ricci, Annie Steele, and Eugene Robinson as the Three Little Maids from School, were bewitching.

Murray and Murphy, in our Irish visitors, kept the Park Theatre audiences in a roar this week. This team are artists in their line, and their co. was very fair.

Harry Lacy's Planter's Wife co. did a good business at the Cleveland Theatre all week, while Held by the Enemy held up its end at The People's. The Reut-Saintre troupe presented a first-class variety bill at the Grand, and a good business.

Miss Rose King gave piano recital at the Case Hall Friday evening, but unfortunately it stormed so hard that many people who would like to have heard her were kept at home.

Programme for this week. Euclid Avenue Opera House, Dion Boucicault; Park Theatre, Lillian Elcott in *Theodora*; Cleveland, Youth; People's, Peck's Bad Boy.

Cyclorama Building: *Battle of Chattanooga*.

and appeared a *Concert Mulberry Sellers*. This week George S. Knight, Jason Murphy, and the co. headed by Helen Dauvray pleased all who saw her by her brightness and vivacity. The audiences were uniformly large, and the second week of the comedy will doubtless continue to draw equally well. Robert Keene and *Friends* were an excellent and new addition to the program.

The play was seen here last year, and the scenery and staging are as handsome as on its last appearance. The *Phantom Opry* this week.

The houses last week were good. *Amor* presented *Mam-Zelle* and *Divorces*. Mrs. Bowes this week; Salisbury's *Travesties*.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

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who has proved himself a most competent man for the place, and has worked up a large out-of-town patronage. A large partition which encircled the rear of the parquet circle has been removed and a handsome piano seating substituted. Storm-doors of stained glass and cherry have been put up at the entrance, and under Manager Wong's direction the house is gradually assuming the appearance of a metropolitan theatre.

Item: Haverly's Minstrels at Ayer's Hall 12-20.

WATERTOWN.

Jacques Opera House: The appearance of A Night on the Town was greeted by an audience that completely packed the new room. The audience was enthusiastic in its plaudits. Moulton and Baker's Black Crook 12-13. On the first night the sale of tickets failed to be stopped by the young ads before the curtain. Rivers' Boxes did a fair business.

KANSAS.

Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Kate Hutton's Minstrels, assisted by a strong co. of vocalists, sang to a standing ovation. The audience though small, was very cheering and appreciative as was demonstrated by the continuous rounds of applause, repeated bringings of the young ads before the curtain. Rivers' Boxes did a fair business.

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PARSONS.

Edward's Opera House (L. L. Baird, manager): Baird's Minstrels 12; fair business.

TOP SCOTT.

Opera House (W. P. Patterson, manager): Baird's Minstrels drew a big house.

KENTUCKY.

HENDERSON.

Opera House (R. E. Cook, manager): Skipped by the Light of the Moon 9; good house. Tony Farrell and Gus Frankel brought down the house.

MAINE.

BANGOR.

Opera House (Frank C. Bancroft, manager): Charles Verner, supported by Annie Lewis, played to fair business. 4-5 in Shamus O'Brien and Rory O'More. Shadows of a Great City to the three largest houses of the season. Special trains brought hundreds to town.

PORTLAND.

Theatre: Two small audiences greeted Wilson's Come-Days 9. Blanche Sherwood is sadly handicapped. Personally she is clever and deserving.

Item: Violet Campbell, of the Dad's Girl co. was a member of Fanny Marsh's co. in the old Portland Theatre.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW BEDFORD.

Opera House (Frank C. Bancroft, manager): Haverly's Minstrels filled the house; 5 entertainment. Barry and Fay, 11; house only fair; shouts of laughter. Kinder-garten, 12-13; should have passed the house, but was given a little extra time. The co. did not add to other attractions, was the cause of poor business. The co. give a fine variety bill, being all clever people. George Bruehling, well known here as Buttons in *The Rajah*, was simply immense in his several characters, and was called again and again.

TICKS.

Item: I wish to thank Manager Bancroft and Treasurer J. W. Mace, of the Kindergarten, for special consideration. Mr. Mace is an enthusiastic addition to the Minstrels, and the co. has done well. The co. grant a speech, and after the last act, act improved forth in all his sanguinary glory and referred in a very felicitous manner to the Fords of this city—their struggle up the ladder of Fame—and congratulated them on the success several of their former members are now making on the stage. He warmly thanked the audience for the hearty reception they had accorded his efforts, and wound up with a genuine love-feast of good wishes, all of which served to increase his popularity. Mr. Downing may now regard himself as one of the few whom Savannah will always turn out to welcome.

MACON.

Academy of Music (H. Horne, manager): A very large and select audience greeted Robert Downing in Spartacus 9. Mr. Downing is a good actor, and with his able support gives a satisfactory performance.

Personal: George H. Murray, advance of Devil's Auction, was detained here several days by illness.

AUGUSTA.

Theatre (Samuel H. Cohen, manager): Patti Rosa in Zip at matinee and Bob at night 10; large and delighted audiences. Lotta is no longer queen in this provincial town. The toas: is Patti Rosa now and always. Robert Downing in *The Gladiator* 25; packed houses.

ILLINOIS.

KANKAKEE.

Academy Opera House (Colonel H. C. Clark, manager): Dick Gordon appeared in Conrad to a good audience 11. Very satisfactory entertainment.

Item: The Kankakee Opera House is to be opened under new management about Dec. 1. Popular prices.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterton's Opera House (J. H. Freeman, manager): Alone in London played to good business 5-6, with a matinee. The play is one of the most entertaining that has been presented here this season, being sensational, emotional, comical and full of magnificent scenes. The Westminster Bridge, Houses of Parliament by night, and the residence-house of Charles River by day, and the light received abundant recognition. Clara Tanner, in the leading character, is a most pleasing actress, and is well supported. G. C. Craig is a fine villain, so to speak, and Miss Damer an unsurpassed Chickweed. Bad weather kept many from attending. The Long Strike 9. J. C. Padgett as Noah Leary and Money-penny was excellent.

OTTAWA.

Opera House (F. A. Sherwood, manager): Muggs' Landing drew a medium house 9. Frances Bishop as Muggs and Alfred McDowell as the Land Agent were well received.

BLOOMINGTON.

Dudley Theatre: Dan Sully 8; fair business. F. C. Bangs in *Soldier of Fortune* 10-11. Excellent performance to poor houses.

ALTON.

City Opera House (John Mather, manager): The Long Strike 10. Downing in *Conrad* to a good one and the play was well received. Eunice Goodrich Comedy co. 15. A very nice entertainment.

WALTHAM.

Music Hall (W. Bradstreet, manager): Maggie Mitchell presented Maggie the Midget to one of the most brilliant and fashionable audiences of the season 9. Receipts \$500. Barry and Fay kept a good sized audience in the best of humor with Irish Aristocracy.

EVANSVILLE.

Opera House (T. J. Groves, manager): Skipped by the Light of the Moon succeeded in drawing a very good house 8. Margaret Mather in *The Honeymoon* 11. One of the best performances ever seen at this theatre. Downing in *The Gladiator* 23; Mrs. D. P. Powers 25.

CRAWFORDSBURG.

Music Hall (Leslie Davis, manager): Wilson and Rankin's Minstrels; large and enthusiastic audience. Special interest centred in our old friend, Jerry Hart, one of the best all-around minstrels.

IOWA.

Academy of Music (W. L. Buchanan, manager): Kellogg's poor business. Entertainment first-class. Chapple Opera 8-9 in *The Mikado* and *Fatuina* to crowded houses.

SIOUX CITY.

Opera House (J. N. Colborn, manager): Joseph H. Keane in *Zip* 9-10; good house.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Dooley Opera House (John Dooley, proprietor): Lester and Anna's Minstrels; fair business. *Chevy* lot of people. Baldwin Troubadours 9; good house, audience enthusiastic. Kinney's Black Crook 12; big business; splendid satisfaction.

CEDAR RAPIDS.

Opera House (Nelson, Albertson, Toomey, managers): Joseph H. Keane in *Mrs. Parrington* and *Rip Van Winkle* 9-10; bad business. Lights of London shown on a large audience 12.

OKLAHOMA CITY.

Masonic Opera House (W. A. Severs, manager):

Standing room was at a premium for Lights of London 11; largest house in two seasons.

KANSAS.

Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Kate Hutton's Minstrels, assisted by a strong co. Event of the season was the fair. The audience though small, was very cheering and appreciative as was demonstrated by the continuous rounds of applause, repeated bringings of the young ads before the curtain. Rivers' Boxes did a fair business.

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NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE . . . EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Anderson, W. C.
Anderson, Mary
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Blaudell, J. W.
Boomer, Marjorie
Burke, Chas.
Burns, M.
Burrow, Jas.
Bukley, T. W. H.
Bunnett, Helen
Burres, W. B.
Burward, Julius (a)
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Marshall, Mrs.
Howard, Harry
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* * * The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Special Notice.

THE MIRROR will be published next week on Wednesday morning, as Thursday is a legal holiday. Correspondents are requested to mail their letters to reach this office not later than Monday morning.

Observance of Days.

The theatrical profession, being accredited as devoted to whatever is decorative and ornamental, it seems a neglect on their part that official notice is so little taken of days which should be emphasized at the theatre. According to the sentiment which should govern, and which seeks to make the calendar a rosary of special efforts to please and gratify the public, is it out of order to inquire why our managers do not give special and apt performances on all feast days and holidays of general observance? Here, for instance, is Thanksgiving Day now at hand, proclaimed by the President and State Governors. What could be more timely and acceptable than an idyllic drama of home interest warming the heart and awakening all benevolent sensibilities? Then there is the Christmas pantomime, constructed on an American model for the delectation of the juveniles and their mothers. Evergreen New Year's is a comedy of good things for the months to come—everything fresh, cheerful, and starting the annual round of life with a hip-hip-hurrah of sportful scenes and promises. May we not celebrate Washington with a Revolutionary play of heroic impulse and majestic self-sacrifice for the birthday of the Father of his Country? Fourth of July celebration day comes forward and demands to be taken notice of with patriotic displays and champion feats in which liberty is always at the top and crowned with the laurels of the olden times.

And so we may make account as we pass along with every memorable occasion, lauding the genius of our playwrights for continuous novelties of incident, character and invention, affording a constant succession of glorious subjects for scenic illustration, and our managers on the jump to keep abreast with popular expectation. The time is still not come when some attention was given to the requirements we dwell on, and on the occurrence of the set days we did not fail to see the battle

of Ottawa, Putnam and '76, and kindred home and national topics blazoned at the theatre, and, simple as they were in regard to art, sending a thrill through every honest bosom in the land. No nobler taste could be set before our honorable guild than to have them entertain their constituents with an outpour of domestic and national dramas and diversions, keeping company with the red-letter days as they come along.

Change Makes Change.

We do not mean small change, such as dimes and quarters, but the change which in the past generation called a man wealthy who was worth some fifty or one hundred thousand dollars, to our present scale, which calls for fifty or one hundred millions. The attention of a theatrical commentator is called to this fact by two of the most popular New York newspapers, which, apropos to the opening of the season of German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House give us horse-shoe diagrams of the house with the names of the occupants of the principal boxes and seats. A scrutiny of the names will show that the Book of the Elite there held as authority is in a very considerable measure a transfer from the United States bond office, bank ledgers and other records and depositories of cash values.

A diagram of the old Park Theatre, the acknowledged gathering-place of choice spirits one or two generations ago, would show that the chief sittings were not occupied by men notable for their pecuniary holdings. Those who came to the front at that time and place represented scholarship, literature, the judiciary and a certain cast of personal accomplishment and character. Whoever looked around the circle would see as habitual frequenters such men as Philip Hone, known as the gentlemanly Mayor; Ogden Hoffman, the most eloquent pleader at the New York bar; Charles King, editor of the *haut ton American*, afterward President of Columbia College; a son of Rufus King, United States Senator; James Watson Webb, of Revolutionary descent (father of Seward Webb, who married a daughter of the late William H. Vanderbilt); the three accomplished editors of the old MIRROR—George P. Morris, author of "Woodman Spare that Tree;" N. P. Willis, the brilliant author of many books; the third, Theodore S. Fay, being absent in the Berlin Legation (author of "Norman Leslie," a novel from which was derived a drama that was played scores and scores of nights at the Old Bowery); Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, the actress, author of the comedy of Fashion; Mrs. Kirkland, the popular sketcher of Western life; Fitz-Greene Halleck, of "Marco Bozzaris" renown; there too, was Dr. John W. Francis, who wrote "Old New York" and was the bosom friend of George Frederick Cooke, the great actor. While it cannot be recalled that James Gordon Bennett was ever seen in the theatre, Raymond of the *Times* had not yet appeared on the scene, and Horace Greeley was probably enjoying himself at a negro minstrel entertainment.

On the other hand, while the dailies were short in attendance, the three principal Sunday papers (*economie*) were always present in full muster, showing at their head Major Noah (by times our Consul at Tripoli, Police Justice, author of a book of travels and numerous plays), editor of the *Sunday Times*, the best Sunday paper in the country at that time; Sam Nichols and Fred West, both rank Cockneys—nothing if not critical. The sporting world showed a noble exponent in William T. Porter, a giant in heart and person, engineering the *Spirit of the Times*, the only journal of that kind then in the country and the pioneer or sire of all of that brood which have followed. One of its principal contributors, always on hand at the old Park, was Tom Picton, grand-nephew of General Picton, who served as aid to Wellington at Waterloo. One or other member of the Astors might be occasionally seen as a sort of forerunner of the millionaire plant of the Metropolitan Opera House, but the two "horse-shoes" were clearly of different metal.

An All-Sorts Theatre.

There are several amateur dramatic and operatic associations in this town homeless and wandering. To be sure, there is the Lexington Avenue Opera House, but that is too small and has not the conveniences necessary to give plays or operas the effect. There is the Academy of Music, but that is too large and too expensive to meet the want. There is, besides, continual need of a stage wherein to rehearse the numerous companies that are always getting up something, and are compelled to beg accommodations from the managers of the recognized theatres.

very often to those managers' extreme inconvenience. For instance, the other day no less than three different rehearsals were going on at the same time in one of our smallest theatres—one on the stage, another in the cellar, and yet another in the front lobby. The lodger-rooms of this town are perpetually hired for this purpose, and even private parlors are invaded by hordes of wandering actors getting ready for the road or making preparations for benefits.

Under these circumstances would it not be a paying speculation were some one to put up or hire a theatre of convenient size, and in a convenient situation; fit it up plainly but practically, with all stage appurtenances, but no gaudy or gilding nor superfluous luxury of upholstery, and let the whole to amateurs or professionals or whomsoever might wish to disport themselves therein? In all likelihood a goodly profit over rent and expenses would accrue each year.

Another source of income would arise in the giving of matinees, on the foreign plan, when authors, at a modest price, could have their plays tried. Competent actors can be had reasonably enough for matinees; the difficulty has always been to find a theatre. It costs in London from £60 to £100 pounds to give a morning performance at the Olympic, the Globe, the Opera Comique, or other theatres available, and the most part of that sum goes to the hiring of the house. Now, if there was a pleasing, convenient house, with a proper stage, to be had, it would soon become the custom to try new plays there before running the risk of producing them at a regular theatre.

There are also many people of talent who are daily spending money in the vain hope of getting an appearance. Were such a theatre as we propose available, such aspirants could easily get together friends and funds enough to give them a start and let them try what metal they are made of. The idea, at all events, is worth consideration and the result would be a great convenience to the profession at large and amateurs in particular.

Bombarding the Stage.

From week to week, taking our rounds upon the ramparts of journalism, the lookout brings to view at various points of the horizon an eruption which threatens arreolites for the Theatre. At first these rockets put on an appearance of solidity, as if they could crush whatever they strike, but in a short while they burst and sputter, proving to be mere nebulous and vapory exhalations.

The reader will understand that we refer to periodical outbreaks against the Stage and all its belongings. The principal manufacturers of these bombs are clerical gentlemen, whose repudiation of the Theatre and utter inexperience and ignorance as to its doings should learn them to be the last to comment upon the characters of the Theatre and its followers.

It must not be supposed we are laboring under a clerico-phobia by our not infrequent reference to its utterances on the subject. The shots are discharged from a commanding eminence and therefore attract attention.

By many of the clergy it is thought to be a good thing to denounce the Theatre. The latest demonstration in this direction is made by a popularity-seeking divine who flourishes in one of the great cities of the West. To make known his utter lack of that imagination which pervades all of the arts, he brands the scenery as a poor copy of nature, the actors not what they seem; in fact all sham, unreal and fictitious. Acting! acting! nothing but acting in this very real and solemn world comes to him who is a devotee at the shrine of Thespian art. The doctor finally avers "that some plays are really fitted to quicken the ethical life;" wherein the learned divine goes wide of his topic, for it is not held that the Theatre is an academy for philosophers, but an arena to furnish amusement and relief in this "solemn world."

Has he forgotten why it is that it so profoundly impresses the spectator and auditor and causes him to accept the fictions of the Stage as a reality?

He and others of his order should call to mind the answer of Whitfield, when Garrick, who had been listening to a sermon from that great pulpit orator, inquired of him why it was that listeners in church believed so little of the great truths delivered there and accepted as truth the utterance of the actor in imaginary scenes. Whitfield replied that the stage speeches were spoken as if they were truth, while Scripture was doled out indifferently, as if it was merely a tale twice told.

The Western iconoclast thinks it a heavy grievance that the actress has to dance, to sing, to smile while her thoughts are with a poverty-stricken mother or with a helpless family of fatherless ones. Very likely. Then what is to be said of the rich, well-housed, well-fed members of the doctor's congregation who make long faces under his terrifying homilies? The great error committed by many declaimers who take actors and their profession to task is that they select for illustration and emphatic censure the worst specimens of amusement given and set them up as representatives of the theatre at large.

What would be thought of the ethical writer who should select as evidence of the characters of the tradespeople, hoth cobblers, crude and vulgar caterers, tricky shopkeepers, and all the other black sheep in different pursuits, rather than the skilful, the cleanly, the upright? False measure has been too long dealt out to the theatre and its professors, and retaliation would soon bring to their knees many of its noisy assailants.

What has not the theatre done for literature, for painting, for sculpture, for good manners, elegant deportment and the maintenance of a chivalric and heroic tone in the career of great natures? The drama is among the oldest experiences of mankind; its foundations are laid deep in the very organism of man, and cannot be removed by any process less than that suppression of elementary functions and propensities fatal to his vitality and power.

Personal.



CURTIS.—Above are the well-known features of M. B. Curtis, who has again captured popular approval with his new comedy, *Caught in a Corner*.

HART.—Tony Hart will introduce two Irish setters in his new comedy *Donnybrook*.

HADLEY.—Lillian Hadley has had the luck to secure an engagement at a city stock theatre.

FISH.—Marguerite Fish is doing the metropolitan play-houses very thoroughly after her long absence abroad.

THOMAS.—Hilda Thomas will forsake the variety stage after this season and devote her time and talents to light opera.

THOMPSON.—Denman Thompson has had such success with *The Old Homestead* that he has let out *Joshua Whitcomb* on royalty.

BISHOP.—Charles J. Bishop, only son of C. B. Bishop, of the Bijou company, died at his home in this city on Tuesday of typhoid fever.

PIXLEY.—Annie Pixley is holding her new play, *The Deacon's Daughter*, for a date at some up-town theatre in the hope that a run will fall to its lot.

CHANTORE.—Lillian Chantore, the graceful lady who plays the Widow so well in *Boucault's Jilt*, was formerly leading lady with *Barnie McAuley*.

BANKS.—General N. P. Banks and a party of friends occupied a box at his daughter Maud's performance in New Bedford, Mass., last Monday night.

HILL.—Manager J. M. Hill, of the Union Square Theatre, who has been ill at his home in Chicago, is much better. He is expected in New York at an early day.

EMMET.—Herer J. K. Emmet will rest for five weeks before, after and including the holidays. After his lase this season he will open at Washington on Jan. 17.

O'NEILL.—James O'Neill is so tired of the title role of *Monte Cristo* that he has decided to alternate it with some other play next season. He has not as yet selected the play.

TUTEIN.—Carrie Tutein will sing Fred Lyster's song, "When the Hawthorn Buds Were Springing," in Tony Hart's play on Saturday evening at the Jersey City Theatre.

ENNIS.—Manager James E. Ennis, of Heuck's Opera House in Cincinnati, was one of the honored guests at the banquet tendered the Exposition Commissioners in that city Nov. 13.

HILLIARD.—With a view to starring him on the road, R. C. Hilliard, the well-known Brooklyn amateur, has been booked by Harry Miner for an early appearance at the Brooklyn Theatre in *False Shame*.

LOSSES.—Estimates justified by the advance sales place the losses entailed by the illness of Edwin Booth at \$10,000, by the illness of Mrs. Langtry at \$7,000, and the enforced retirement of Rosina Vokes at \$3,000.

GRANGER.—Maude Granger is carrying T. G. Johnson's *Lynwood* forward to success. Her health is very much improved since she opened her season, and she writes that she will play a "home engagement" in this city early in January.

TURNER.—J. B. Turner, who was recently stricken blind while playing with W. J. Scanlan's company, is still under the care of an oculist. It is believed he will regain the use of his eyes, and soon be able to return to the company.

WHISTLER.—Whistler, the artist, is expected to arrive in New York on Sunday next. He will bring with him some of his most important pictures. These he has agreed shall be exhibited only in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, although he will go to other cities to lecture.

BOOTH.—Rachel Booth's portrait in the character of *Carry Story*, one of the bright features of Hoy's *Tin Soldier*, appears on our first page this week. Miss Booth is a clever little actress, who has done good work in several pieces familiar to New York playgoers.

MCVICKER.—Manager McVicker, of Chicago, was in town last week, and reports business in the Metropolis of the West as surprisingly good. The city seems to be theatre-mad, he said, for although only one-fourth the size of New York it supports seventeen playhouses.

DOWNING.—Before the season closes Robert Downing will probably produce *Julius Caesar* in addition to *The Gladiator*. Caesar will be elaborately mounted, and Mr. Downing will play *Marc Antony*. The young actor opened in Atlanta, Ga., on Tuesday night to a house packed to the doors. He had five recalls at the end of the third act.

THORNE.—Grace Thorne is now playing *Mercedes in Monte Cristo* in support of James O'Neill, and her work is giving the best of satisfaction. Arthur Leclercq, who was Fletcher's stage manager in that actor's production of the drama, pronounces Miss Thorne's *Mercedes* the best he has seen since the days of Carlotta Leclercq, his sister.

KENT.—Charles Kent's relations with the *Condemned to Death* company were so unpleasant that he left that ominously named organization on Saturday and came to the city. He was immediately snapped up by Eben Plympton for the *Jack* company. Mr. Kent will open in the part of *Noel Blake* (which was acted by E. J. Henley at *Wallack's*) a week from Monday.

VOKES.—It is now positively promised that Rosina Vokes will make her appearance at the Standard Theatre on Saturday night. Her health is said to be rapidly improving. Her songs and dances, however, will in all probability be omitted, as she must avoid a recurrence of her trouble by abstaining as much as possible from exertion. It is expected that she will arrive in New York from Chicago to-day.

BARRETT.—Lawrence Barrett sent all the way from Pittsburgh last week for Charles Hawthorne to come to that city and advise him as to the dress he is to wear in his new play, *Calypso*. The result of Mr. Hawthorne's visit was an order giving him *carte blanche* for a costume to exceed anything that has ever been worn by any actor. The tragedian said that money was no object; he wanted the best and most costly dress that could be designed and made. The costume is to be worn for the first time in Washington, where Mr. Barrett opens early in December.

In the Courts.

A dispute between Henry Collins, an actor of thirty years' standing, who has been seen mainly in the theatres near the Pacific Coast, and Manager William R. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, was settled several days ago by Judge Alfred Steckler, of the Fourth District Court, in favor of the manager. About a year ago Manager Palmer had in view the production of a play called *Wigs*, which it was intended to put on the road with Mr. Mansfield as the leading star. After the play had been rehearsed for about three weeks, it was decided that it was not one which would prove a success, and was therefore abandoned, all the actors being so informed. Collins, with the others, was not paid, and brought suit to recover \$145 50, claiming that he had been engaged before the rehearsal at a salary of \$30 per week for the term of ten weeks. He stated that he had been engaged to play the part of an eccentric old man, and that Manager Palmer had made a special engagement with him.

On the other hand, Manager Palmer denied that he ever had employed Mr. Collins at all for any definite time or price. He testified that Collins, with other actors, had been engaged conditionally and told that the rehearsal of the play was a mere experiment. He asserted that he had told Collins that the piece had been adapted from the German, and that it was to be entirely experimental, as it was desired to star Mr. Mansfield and bring him prominently before the public. When Collins was informed that the play did not turn out to be what was expected of it, Manager Palmer said, he did not say anything about salary, but asked him to try and secure a position for him, as he was in need of a position. Shortly afterward Palmer obtained for Collins a part in *Jack in the Box*, but Collins was then out on the road with another company. Judge Steckler gave judgment in favor of Manager Palmer.

The Usher.



In Ushering.
—Love's Labour's Lost.

Lead him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.

Mme. Patti's friends showed their devotion Sunday morning by getting up before daylight and sailing down the bleak harbor to meet the *Umbria*. I am not ashamed to confess that I paid my tribute of admiration with the rest. The *diva* and the *writer* enjoyed a little chat that was listened to and duly reported next day by the daily paper crowd. One of the things they didn't hear her say was that chrysanthemums are as popular in London as New York just now, and that all the flowers she received at her concerts were of that sort. In regard to Italian opera she expressed the hope that the *impresario* would let it rest for a few years until the German singers scream themselves out of favor and the fickle mob of fashion renew allegiance to the school of passion and melody.

Since her arrival Patti has been deluged with letters from people of high social position asking for her autograph. Yesterday's mail brought her thirty of these. All were returned by her secretary with thanks for the honor and regrets at the singer's inability to comply through lack of time. Patti's appearances at the Academy will draw enormous audiences. The seats for this evening and Saturday afternoon are all sold, and the speculators have been reaping a fortune.

Dr. T. S. Robertson entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Abbey, Mr. and Mrs. John Schoeffel and Harrison Grey Fiske at dinner last evening.

Kyrie Bellew's American experience is not confined to his engagement at Wallack's. He was utility man in Toronto in 1872, when the stock company there was managed by J. L. Saphoré. Mr. Bellew, when this period of his artistic career is recalled, stares in blank amazement. Evidently he doesn't like it.

Jack is to go on the road. The play was treated by the papers as a novelty on its production at Wallack's. It was acted in Baltimore, Boston and Providence some years ago, by several of Wallack's company. H. J. Montague, the handsome and lamented, acted the title-role.

The list of contributors to the CHRISTMAS MIRROR is remarkably strong. It, and some of the other leading features, will be duly announced and described in the next MIRROR. The holiday issue this year is to be published somewhat earlier than usual. Dec. 15 is the date of issue.

In Boston, the home of thought, the chosen abiding place of culchaw—the newspapers are anglicizing the prefixes to foreign artists' names. It is no longer "Mile," "Fraulein," "Mme.," "Signor," etc. but simple "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss." Why not adopt The MIRROR's sensible and simple plan, followed for many years, of calling people by their names without any prefix, foreign or native, whatsoever?

T. Henry French asks me to state that his father, Samuel French, is not "interested" in the American tour of Wilson Barrett. I am happy to oblige Mr. French *file*. Nevertheless it is a fact that French *file* lent money to W. H. to meet the heavy expenses of coming out here. This may not be an interest, but if I were similarly involved I should most certainly feel "interested."

Frank Mayo has acted Davy Crockett over 3,500 times. Louis Aldrich has played Joe Saunders 1,750 times. Mayo hates to play Davy, although he says it is, in his way, as artistic a work as he is capable of. Aldrich is willing to go on acting Saunders forever if the part continues to be lucrative. Here's a distinction with a difference.

Agnes Booth's acting in Jim the Penman is exquisite. In the scene where Mrs. Ralston discovers the trick by which her husband alienated her from the man of her youthful love, she consumes three minutes by the watch in a piece of by-play that holds the audience spellbound. Her art is admirable, and I do not remember ever having seen it given finer scope than in the current play at the Madison Square.

Mr. Ward's Gladiator.

Fred Ward was in his dressing-room at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night when a MIRROR reporter was admitted. In speaking of himself, Mr. Ward said: "I never felt better in my life. I seem about to realize what I have been fighting for these many years—a recognized place among the leading actors of the day. The public and press wherever I have been have hailed me with the greatest fairness and kindness. Since I left New York business has been uniformly good and in some instances phenomenally large. In Richmond

and Washington the houses were packed. In this latter city the steps leading to the gallery were sold as seats every night."

"I shall play my third engagement in New York this season early in January, when I propose to produce The Gladiator in spectacular form. Everything will be new, and the chorus, ballet and supernumeraries will number nearly two hundred. To distinguish the Gladiator that I shall play from that written by Dr. Bird, I call mine Galba the Gladiator. It is a free adaptation of the play, Le Gladiator, by Soumet, made famous by Salvini. The work of translation and adaptation was done by Leonard Outram, a young English actor not unknown in this country, and whenever I have produced it this season everyone has said that it is the greatest play and strongest character in my repertoire."

Danger in Dressing-Rooms.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and so Edwin Booth has found during his brief respite from acting. On the night he first acted Bertuccio in The Fool's Revenge at the Star Theatre he was suffering from a severe cold, contracted in the damp and draughty precincts of his dressing-room. This apartment—formerly occupied by Lester Wallack when the house was the home of his stock company—is in the cellar under the stage. When there is a storm in progress, as on the evening in question, the place is filled with moisture and becomes decidedly dangerous for the occupant, particularly if he has a part to play in which strong physical exertion becomes necessary.

Bathed in perspiration after the intense and hard-working scenes of Bertuccio, Mr. Booth contracted a severe cold in his unhealthy dressing-room. This was aggravated the succeeding performance, and so Dr. Smith, his physician, found it necessary to forbid his patient to play. The report that Mr. Booth's illness was caused by eating canned corn that had become poisonous through exposure to the air was only true in part. He did eat something that disagreed with him, but this only served to disarrange his digestive organs—a portion of his organization that has always been bad terms with him.

Before resuming his work on Monday night Mr. Booth sent word to the Star Theatre people that he must have a special dressing-room built on the stage level. These instructions were promptly carried out, and the tragedian can now change his costumes in a place whose temperature is comparatively safe and comfortable.

We have often wondered at the indifference displayed by managers in respect to dressing-room accommodations, and have frequently printed complaints and protests from professionals on this very subject. Mr. Booth's position, of course, allows him to dictate; the lesser lights cannot afford to be similarly independent. Evidently there will be no remedy until actors, compelled to spend a part of several hours nightly in noisome closets, unite in demanding decent accommodations behind the scenes.

In other days the artists were more comfortably housed than the auditors. Of late there has been progress in front and retrogression behind. The abolition of the green room has robbed companies of even that resort, together with the privileges of social recreation and intercourse it cultivated. There is need of improvement, and the restoration of the green room would unquestionably be a boon to the profession in the absence of any other immediate change.

Closing of Pepita.

The Pepita Opera company, bag and baggage, came in on Monday, having closed at Toronto on Saturday night. A MIRROR interviewer saw Manager S. P. Norman, who had conducted the tour, and he gave a brief account of the season.

"This is neither a collapse nor a burst-up," said Mr. Norman. "While in Cleveland, on Nov. 1, Mr. Hill wired me to give the company the usual two weeks' notice, see that all indebtedness was paid, and then take the members back to New York. So here we are, thirty-eight of us—everybody satisfied with Mr. Hill's treatment, but regretting the failure, of course. Of one thing let me assure you; Mr. Hill has lost comparatively little money on the venture. However, he saw that, after a fair trial, the opera was not a go, and in calling in the company he simply followed the programme he had laid out at the start.

"The press was merciless in its condemnation of the opera, especially the book. In fact, it was savage, almost malignant. The costumes and scenery were praised as the 'best ever seen,' etc., and the appearance and work of the chorus were complimented; but that was all. Then, too, I found everywhere that the press held a grudge against Edward Solomon, the composer, and this was wreaked upon poor Pepita. Lots of newspaper men spoke very disparagingly of him to me in private, especially dwelling upon his domestic affairs."

Dockstader and the Versifiers.

The number of alleged poets who have striven to carry off the prize of \$25, offered by Dockstader for the best topical song, is close on 200. The retractive muses have been wrestled with by clergymen and butchers' clerks, actors and horse-car conductors, teachers and longshoremen, blacksmiths and news paper men, until the mass of iambics, anapests, trochees and doggerel metres that have accumulated on the minstrel's hands is won-

derful to contemplate. Not a topic from Aaron's rod to the Zedus has escaped a squeezing, and Drach's "Curiosities of Literature" are not more curious than these alleged topical songs. A certain society lady sent in a delicately perfumed missive, with an inclosure, entitled "There is Moss on the Chestnut Tree." Dockstader thought some one had been giving the writer a tip, so he gently indorsed the manuscript, "Too suggestive," and passed on to a screed written on the inner side of an old paper collar, entitled "I'll See You Again When I'm Sober."

"We must not encourage intemperance."

said Mr. MacNatt, and the paper collar was relegated to the shadowy precincts of the coal bin. An ethereal youth of Yonkers submitted a carefully written work on "The Chrysanthemums—Gave Him Away," which, although very flowery, was transplanted and left to "bloom in the Spring." A contribution from a well-known homœopath was called "It Was All Very Well While It Lasted." As it was supposed that the writer referred to his late summer resort hotel, Dockstader said it might be better if kept a little longer, and in a moment he was engrossed in the perusal of a manuscript entitled "He Didn't Know It Was Loaded." An exclamation more suggestive than elegant settled the fate of this specimen, and a ten line bit with the title, "He Took One Because He Required It," was next considered. The writer had taken a wife, a bath, a drink, and a sleep and finally took a grave and a ride in a hearse—all because "he required it."

"If he had taken a tumble," said Mr. Comstock, "he need not have taken anything else." Again the literary pile was attacked. Verses good, bad and indifferent, on such topics as "The Reason Has Never Been Known," "When the Time Came He Wasn't There," "That's Something We Never Will Know," "I Thought He'd Have Something to Say" and kindred ideas were scanned with great care and attention. Out of the whole batch not more than two or three were found that were considered good enough for use. The subject of "Boycott" was used by several writers, while "Jake Sharp," "The Bowdler Aldermen" and "The Chicago Girl's Big Feet" were themes of more than three-fourths of the versifiers. Some of the writers hit on very good topics, but treated them villainously. Others showed that they knew as much about writing a topical song as they did about flying, while another class of these poetasters submitted sentimentalities, descriptive songs and unmistakable plagiarism of the work of such writers as W. S. Gilbert, Bret Harte, Will Carleton, Colonel Hay and others. However, Mr. Dockstader is thoroughly convinced that there is no use giving the average writer a chance; beside which, he is quite sure that life is too short to spend in sifting from among a ton of manuscript one or two songs worthy the name of topical.

The Actors' Fund.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee three applications for relief were considered—all favorably. There are now eleven names on the relief list. There are but two applications on file.

During last week there was expended in relief, \$162, including two funerals.

New members and annual dues paid in: Nelson Wheatcroft, George Bowers, John Malone, Michael Schlegl, M. J. Salomon, J. Sommers Getz, John W. Sommers, Edgar S. Halsted, Charles Kent, Adolph Nichols, Patrick Ross, Ferdinand Helmer, Gustave Wenzel, Charles Foster, Frank Kemble, Aimee Hercht, Frank M. Stanley, Mrs. H. G. Richmond, H. B. Phillips, James J. Armstrong, Charles F. Herbert, Mrs. Charles F. Herbert, A. Kaufmann and Harry Linden.

Orthoepia.

I have reason to believe that the occasional publishing of the mispronunciations I have heard in the theatres of late has already resulted in making the players here in New York, at least, more guarded. If this be true, then the result is just the result desired. There has been a time, now a good while ago, when it was safe, it is said, to take the stage as authority in pronouncing. It certainly would not require a great effort on the part of the players of to-day to make it authority again.

Incongruous. Has Mr. John Daly any authority for dropping the *g* of this word and pronouncing it *in con it o?* If he has, it must be very slight. Mr. Daly's pronunciation is generally very far from being scholarly.

Pretty. Some one in the cast of Siberia pronounces this word as it is written, whereas it should be pronounced *pretty*.

Alternative. Mr. Sudgen is in error in giving the *al* of this word the sound it has in *always*. Properly it has the sound of *al* in *alum*.

Interested. It can hardly be said that that pronunciation that makes the second *e* of the word short is incorrect. Yet nowadays it is accounted more elegant to make it obscure.

Again. Different members of the cast of Frou-Frou at the Lyceum pronounce this word differently.

Designate. The *s* of the word has its hissing sound and not the sound of *s*.

Sagacious. The second syllable of this word is not *g*o.

Alleges. Accent on the second syllable. I have recently heard the first syllable accented by a member of Mrs. D. P. Hawers' company and also by a member of Mme. Modjeska's.

Patronize. The weight of authority is decidedly in favor of making the *a* of this word short.

Financier. The first night of Jim the Penman at the Madison Square Theatre Mr. Frederic Robinson was the only member of the cast that pronounced the word correctly.

If he be proud as Lucifer, like Lucifer let him fall.

Mr. John A. Lane will give the reading of this sentence a little study, he will, I think, no longer make *like* the most emphatic word in it. *Like*, to my mind, should be barely touched. The proper reading of the sentence, if I do not err, is, as nearly as can be marked, this: "If he be as *proud as Lucifer*, like Lucifer let him fall."

ALFRED AVRES.

Gossip of the Town.

It is reported that Ella Wessner will try her fortunes once more in a starting tour.

Gabrielle du Sauld is in the city and at liberty for light comedy or emotional parts.

Jacques Martin has been engaged for Eben Pye's company in back.

Soloists at next Sunday night's Casino concert: Scatch, Galassi, Guido, Zipper and Novato, Andini conducting.

Frank M. Stanley, low comedian and character, is here from the Criterion Theatre on the other side, and open for engagements.

Geraldine Umar, who has been very ill, is expected to make her reappearance in Princess Ida at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next week.

"We must not encourage intemperance."

Gra Henderson will play the leading juvenile part in Tony Hart's Irish comedy, *Danny-brook*.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Q. Seabrooke (Elvia Cross) leave the Keep it Dark company at the end of this week and will be at liberty.

Mildred Sumner is considering an offer from Dominick Murray, and will probably join his company as soubrette.

The advance sale for The Silver King, which is this week's attraction at the People's Theatre, was the largest that house has known this season.

Fanny Avmar Mathews is negotiating with Lilian Lewis for the sale of her drama, The Brazilian, in which Miss Lewis will probably act during her coming tour.

Gustavus Levick, the original Pierre Petrosky in Zuka, has been engaged to play the same character on the road in the new company that opens in Boston Nov. 20.

Charles MacGeachy has been engaged to travel in advance of Dion Boucicault's Jilt company. He withdrew recently from the management of the Kindergarten party.

Morris Warner, agent for Robson and Crane, has been dubbed the "Silver King." Morris is thirty-eight years old, but he has a luxuriant mass of grey white hair.

There is every probability that one or more of the combination houses in this city will next season return to the old plan of stock companies.

Mrs. John Butler, of 129 Third avenue, is prepared to receive orders for theatrical dress-making. Her work is cut on the S. T. Taylor system.

Paul Nicholson has secured rights to The Galley Slave and is forming a company and booking time. Adelaide Thornton will play the part of Francesca Remini, originally taken by Emily Rigl.

Mart Hanley has just got out a new three-sheet colored poster for Harrigan's O'Reagans. It depicts the incident that closes the second act, where the Chinaman is thrown head-first down an incline into a hoghead of water.

Miss Fortescue will present a double bill at the Lyceum Theatre next week, appearing in King Rene's Daughter and Sweethearts. Gretchen will probably be revived for the final week of the engagement.

The new offices of the Strobridge Lithographing Company have been removed from 44 West Twenty-third street to 1155 Broadway, corner of Twenty-seventh street. Rooms 1, 2 and 3. A. Stewart remains in charge.

The costumes worn by Mr. Booth's company during the engagement at the Star have attracted favorable comment for their beauty and historical accuracy. They were made by the Eaves Costuming Company.

Helmer and Leitz have made a wig for B. F. Horning in exact imitation of Wilson Barrett's hair as worn in the leading role of Hoodman Blind. The counterfeit was made from a photograph. Mr. Barrett did not wear a wig in Hoodman Blind.

W. Henry Rice, the well known burlesque of female roles on the minstrel stage, is forty-three years of age, but doesn't look to be more than thirty. Sam Sanford gave him his first duff of burnt cork thirty-one years ago. Mr. Rice is the father of ten children.

Dixon Jones has returned to town, having resigned his position in Marie Prescott's company. Mr. Jones contemplates giving a select reading shortly at one of the leading theatres. As an elocutionist, he has achieved distinction at Harvard and in Boston circles.

Colonel Milliken and Edward Mortimer have completed and delivered to the popular humorist, Marshall P. Wilder, a bright monologue sketch called Ten Minutes of Tragedy. They are at work on some other pieces of the same sort for Mr. Wilder.

E. Zimmerman is greeting friends in town. He reports James O'Neill's season as thus far the most prosperous he has ever had. Mr. O'Neill opens at Niblo's next Monday for two weeks, and will play in and around New York until after the holidays.

Dockstader has in preparation two new burlesques. One is fashioned on the scenes and music and incidents of *Ermine*; the other is to be called the *Khedi*. In the event of Gilbert and Sullivan's new work being given the title, the name of the burlesque will be changed to *The Ca De*.

The imitation ostrich feathers called "Le Caprice" are really remarkable in their close resemblance to the real thing when seen in the glare of the footlights. They have been effectively used by the Kiralfys in their spectacles and by others. The prices, when compared with those of the feathers, are trifling.

Ada Gray recently exchanged parts with Jennie Satterlee in *A Ring of Iron*, but after a week's trial in the soubrette role very willingly went back to the lead. Jennie, it said, never made up for the lead that she did not have a good cry before she went on the stage. Ada generally did her crying after the play was over.

Since the opening of Miner's Newark Theatre the midnight trains to that city from New York are not nearly so well filled as formerly, while the number of passengers going to the suburbs of Newark, such as Orange, Belleville and Irvington, has decreased materially. And yet it was said a new theatre in Newark would not pay.

Pat Rooney paid a flying visit to New York on Monday. In speaking of his play, Pat's Wardrobe, to a MIRROR

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Ballet of the Laces. Something entirely new and original, he says.

CHARLOTTE.

Opera House (Sanders and Wadsworth, managers); Michael Strigell's well-pleased audience. Largest house of the season—over \$400.

NEWBURN.

Theatre: The Casino Opera co., not Barnett's New York Casino Opera co., as advertised—appeared 8-10 to very good business. The tenor, Harry Nelson, deserves special mention.

OHIO.

COLUMBUS. Metropolitan Opera House (C. A. and J. G. Miller, managers); The Minnie Hawk Concert co. had a packed house 6; McNish, Johnson and Sivins' Minstrels had a big house 10; Mrs. D. P. Bowers had a fair-sized and very enthusiastic house 9. Great performance of Elizabeth, Lady Audley's Secret was given to good matinee Saturday, and the house closed Saturday evening, as the co. left on the afternoon train for St. Louis. Annie Pixley 17-18; Alice in London 19-20; John T. Raymond 21-22; Gond' Opera House (C. A. and J. G. Miller, managers); Cummings and Orozoff, Nubar Hassan, The Tissens, Dick Hume, Mansing and Drew, Stanley Summers, and Dunbar and Vernon gave a specialty performance that would be hard to beat. Good business. This week Charles Stedman's co. in Our Boarding House. Next, Joseph J. Dowling.

Schneider's Garden: The National Four, Bower and DeVeille, Hayes and Moulton, Forrester Sisters and Her Otto Finklin Band.

Item: Little Aymond of the Miles and Freeman Circus, left for City of Mexico Saturday to join the Orton Brothers' Circus—The officers elected for the coming year by the Elks are: Hox, Allen O. Myers, Exalter Ruler; R. C. Hull, Leading Knight; Wheeler C. Wilcox, Loyal Knight; Harry E. Rand, Lecturing Knight; W. D. Turner, Secretary; Charles D. Hinman, Treasurer, and C. A. Miller, W. H. McLevith and W. E. Reppert, Trustees.—Sisters' Circus got back from California Friday, and is settled down the Winter. A successful tour is reported.—S. H. Barrett's Circus will come in about Dec. 1.

YOUNGSTOWN. Opera House: (W. H. McKeehan, manager); A fat ticket office is the rule this season. Frank Tannehill, Jr., jumped from Richmond, Ind., and landed here knee deep in snow, but drew a good house to hear him. He is a success as the "milkpot" secretary without displaying, in that role at least, much capacity for better comedy. The first honors easily belong to M. A. Kennedy as Old Cattermole. His fun is natural, his voice flexible as a willow reed; a light lisp lends plausibility to every line. The founders of the co. which he pumped around themselves, Henry B. Bell, was also with the co. he was in. The rest of the co., including Mrs. Mary Myer and Misses Gilbert and Tolbot, were fair. Rag Baby 13; house full. Frank Daniels was at his best.

In the Wings: Annie Crosson, of this city, is supporting Louis Aldrich in *My Partner*.

ZANESVILLE.

Schultz and Co.'s Opera House (John Hoge, manager); The Castle King 10; very top-heavy house. McNish, Johnson and Sivins had a splendid minstrel performance 12; good sized audience, considering the night was wet and most disagreeable. The music and singing in the first-part were excellent, while most of the jokes were fresh and funny. In the olio the specialties were all well done.

Bijou: The Dr. (D. O. C. Farquhar, manager); Warren G. Richards drew a good house 6 when he gave his Wanted—A Husband. The performance was very satisfactory. Mabel Haas' singing was an excellent feature.

The Gambler's Wife comb. began a week's engagement 8. Business was poor.

CHILLICOTHLE.

The competition between Waite's Comedy co. at Clough's Opera House, and the Martha Wren co. at Masonic last week, was at fever heat. On Monday night the manager of the Martha Wren co. gave complimentary tickets to ladies, and the manager of Waite's admitted them free, when accompanied by male escorts. Both gave their prices to the holders of lucky numbers. Waite's first house was sold out to capacity for that co., and so from a full house on Monday and a fair house on Tuesday night, the attendance at the Masonic fell off greatly, while at Clough's the Waite co. played to packed houses. On Saturday afternoon Manager Kaufman, of the Masonic, invited the inmates of the Children's Home to attend in a body. The Newboys was presented for their delectation.

MOUNT VERNON.

Woodward Opera House (L. G. Hunt, manager); James Owen O'Connor is to only fair audience 10.

Mr. O'Connor is possessed of fine histrioic ability and is ably supported by Charles Mortimer, Alfred Lawrence and Marian Keith, who received their share of the applause.

Person: F. E. Davis, manager Horace Lewis' Monte Cristo and the Dreamco. co. was in town last week. The latter he booked for Dec. 10, William R. Davis, manager of the O'Connor co., is a pleasant gentleman. He spoke a good word for *The Mirror*.

Rebuted: Some of the Kenyon college students have been doing as they pleased at the Woodward. Five of them occupied the upper box and gived the O'Connor co. and so annoyed the audience down stairs that during the fourth act Mr. O'Connor stopped the play and said: "This house far enough. If you do not like the play leave the theatre." I will not let you do that. I have played in Liverpool and London, but I never have had my co. treated as they have been this evening. I have ladies and gentlemen in my co., and I think them competent. I will not let them be insulted. If you have no respect for them or the scene [church] have respect for the ladies and gentlemen below." Prolonged applause.

DAYTON.

The Grand (Reist and Dickson, managers); McNish, Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels drew a standing-room only audience 9, and gave one of the brightest minstrel performances seen here in years. The co. is unusually large and embraces many popular bust cork artists. The first part was quite original, and equally refined and artistic; complete with new songs and local gags. The American song-writer, Frank Howard, was held in high esteem.

Cues: Annie Pixley is at the Grand 10, in Gunter's new play, The Deacon's Daughter.—Captain Bates and wife, the girls, and the boys, all well done.

The former wanted Manager Larry Reist for a watch-charm.—The Elks will shortly be represented in the Gem City.—Jennie Calef is rapidly improving, and are many moons wasted will be the same pretty M'lis as of yore.—Rumor has it that McNish, Slavin and Johnson, with the assistance of an attorney, cancelled their five years' agreement with the co. at the close of this season. He will organize a co. of his own. Dan Shelly, of Chicago, is mentioned as his backer. Keep together, boys; you are a great trio and an honor to American minstrelsy.

WAPAKONETA.

Timmermeister's Opera House (George E. Rogers, manager); Lilly Clay's Adarless Eden co. played to a crowded house 12; James Owen O'Connor 17-18. Lester and Allen's Minstrels 23; Mugg's Landing 30.

KENT.

Opera House (W. S. Kent, manager); The Irene Taylor co., under the management of Colonel William H. Hurlburt, played Bartley Campbell's Separation 8; fair business. The Lost Will drew a good house 9.

Miss Taylor won the hearts of the lovers of the drama by her fine rendition of the leading roles. The best that has appeared here in some time. The costumes are elegant.

XENIA.

Opera House (John A. Hiving, manager); Professor E. K. Crocker's trained horses 8-10; big business, gave more than satisfaction.

SPRINGFIELD.

Grand Opera House (Oller Tramp, manager); Lilly Clay's Adarless Eden drew a large house 6. Private Secretary pleased fair-sized audience 9-10.

Black's Opera House (Samuel Waldman, manager); Weston Brothers in Our Minstrel Boys 12-14; fair houses. Musical specialties excellent; play not so good. Rive-King Concert co. 23.

HAMILTON.

Globe Opera House (Dr. A. Myers, manager); Weston Brothers 10; fair house.

MILLVILLE.

Opera House (Louis Schaefer, manager); The Castle King 8; packed house. Mrs. D. P. Bowers supported by Joseph Wheeler, gave a fine dramatic entertainment 9. The play was well received, and the audience was unanimous in their verdict. The manager is to be congratulated.

Unanimous invitation of audience to give Captain Bates a encore. Second visit of James O'Neill in Monte Cristo 12; even more wonderful than the first; every seat in the house part of the house was filled. The last attraction of the week was Richard Mansfield in *Prince Imperial*, withstanding

standing a blinding snow-storm a large audience attended.

PIQUA.

Maudie Granger presented Lynwood. The house was not very good, but this did not deter the co. from giving a good performance.

MANSFIELD.

Miller's Opera House (Miller and Dittenthaler, managers); Lilly Clay's Adarless Eden drew a good-sized audience 10. Stormy night kept a big audience from seeing Al. G. Field's Minstrels 12. A good bill was presented to the enjoyment of a small audience.

STU. BENVILLE.

Opera House (Rosman Gardner, manager); Gardner's Only a Farmer's Daughter 12; fair house. McAvoy's Pandemonium to Upstage house 8, and same house. Mr. Isom's promises to be a popular tragedian; he has the physique, but lacks finish. He was well supported by Henry Aveling as Phasaurus.

WASHINGTON C. H.

Opera House (B. Logan, manager); Professor E. K. Crocker's Equivalents 8-10; with matinee; full houses. Entire satisfaction.

URBANA.

Maudie Granger's Lynwood 8; fair house. Audience charmed. Cattle King 11; fair down stairs and top-heavy house. Fred Lyons, an old Urbana favorite, made the hit with his banjo and specialties.

LANCASTER.

Chestnut Street Opera House (Herman Wilkemeyer, manager); Mattie Vickers 9; medium business.

NEWARK.

Music Hall (H. J. Miller, manager); Cattle King 9; fair house. McNish, Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels 11; large and well-pleased audience. The performance was one of the best of its kind ever given in this city.

NEW YORK.

Opera House (John E. Owens, manager); We are welcome Patti Rosa presented Bob and Z. P. 8 and 9, good business. Edgar Smith of this co., is temporarily playing leading comic in place of Harry Warren. Robert Downing, under the management of J. H. Mack, has been a great success in *Spartacus*. Fair houses. Mr. Isom's promises to be a popular tragedian; he has the physique, but lacks finish. He was well supported by Henry Aveling as Phasaurus.

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WISCONSIN.

MIKE WILKINSON.

Tim Soldier co. opened 7-8 four nights, a large and enthusiastic audience attending the first performance at the Grand Opera House. The audience was most unanimous in its approval of the production, here last season, and repeated the same this year. Hoy's co. always include excellent pieces. Fanny Compton is a pretty dame. Frank's B. Doris' *Circus* 9. As the *Journal* said: "They got out without being begged."

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Academy of Music (M. C

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Louis Balfour Co.: New Orleans 15, week.
Louis James: Montreal 18-20, Burlington, Vt., 22.
Ludlow, N. H., 21, Portsmouth 24, Portland, Me., 26.
Lowell, Mass., 27.
Lawrence Barrett: Pittsburgh 15, week, Cleveland 22, week, Canton, O., 29, Akron 30, Youngstown 16-17, Warren, Pa., 2.
Louis Real: Hoboken 15, week, Reading, Pa., 22, Alexandria, Va., 24, Richmond 25-7, Lynchburg 29.
Louis Aldrich: Trenton, N. J., 12, Washington, Del., 20.
Louis Stein Co.: Ottawa, Kas., 15, Topeka 22, St. Joseph, Mo., 22-3, Lincoln, Neb., 24, Council Bluffs, Ia., 25, Des Moines 26-7.
Louis Arnott: Tamqua, Pa., 15, week, Norristown 22, week.
Lucas and Russell: Louisville 15, week, Madison, Ind., 22, Lima, O., 22, Sidney 24, Sandusky 25, Springfield 22, 23, Vinton 27.
Luzia M. Ulmer: Marlboro, Mass., 15, Webster, 19, Newburyport 22, Salem 28, Gloucester 24, Lynn 25, Gardner 26.
Lillian Hinton: Milton, Pa., 15, week, Worthington 22, week.
Little's World Co.: Rochester 15, week, Buffalo 22, week, Montreal 29, week.
Little Nightgown Co.: Bloomington, Ill., 20, Springfield 22, Peoria 23, Charleston 24, Decatur 25, Davenport, Ia., 26-7, Muscatine 20, Ottumwa 20.
Lotta Church: Boston 15, week, Bridgeport, Ct., 22, week.
Lindus' Monte Castro: Creston, Ia., 15, Chariton 19, Atlantic 20, Omaha, Neb., 22-4, Plattsmouth 23, Hastings, Ia., 26.
Louise Pomeroy: Lynn, Mass., 15, week, Springfield 22, week, New Bedford 29, week.
Minnie Madeline: Wilkesbarre, Pa., 18, Allentown 19, Reading 20, Washington 22, week.
Margaret Mathew: Jackson, Mich., 18, Kalamazoo 19, Grand Rapids 20, Toledo, O., 22, Dayton 23, Chillicothe 24, Zanesville 25, Shelbyville 26, Canton 27, Pittsburg 29, week.
Milton Nobles: Jackson, Miss., 18, Vicksburg 19-20, Shreveport, La., 22-3, Palestine, Tex., 24, Tyler 25, Dallas 27, McKinney 29, Denison 30, Ft. Worth Dec., 24-5.
Miss D. P. Bowers: St. Louis 15, week, Springfield, Ill., 22.
Miss Januschek: Toledo, O., 19-20, Chicago 22, two weeks.
Miss Modjeska: N. Y. City, Oct. 25, six weeks.
Miss Janish: Warren, Pa., 18, Bradford 21, Baltimore 22, week.
Miss Langtry: Boston 8, two weeks, Brooklyn 22, week.
Miss Blossom Co. (Benj. Maginley): Lawrence, Mass., 19.
May Fortescue: N. Y. City, Oct. 18, six weeks.
McDowell Comedy Co.: Winnipeg 8, three weeks.
Michael Strogoff Co.: Richmond, Va., 18-20, York, Pa., 22, Columbia 23, Williamsport 24-5, Lancaster 26, Harrisburg 27, Reading 29-30, Norristown Dec., 1-2.
Maude Granger: Steubenville, O., 18, Wheeling, W. Va., 19-20, Dayton, O., 22-3, Springfield 25, Milwaukee 28-31, Indianapolis 2-4.
Main Line Co.: Kansas City 15, week.
Monroe-Rice Co.: Newport, R. I., 20, Manchester, N. H., 22, Haverhill, Mass., 27, Boston 29, week.
Myra Goodwin: Worcester 18-19, Woonsocket, R. I., 19.
Myra and Murphy: Bradford 17-18, Elmira, N. Y., 20, Nogentown, Pa., 20, N. Y. City 22, week, Patterson, N. J., 29, Port Jervis, N. Y., 30, Pittston, Pa., Dec. 1, Scranton 2.
Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight: Knoxville, Tenn., 18, Lexington, Ky., 19, Frankfort 20, Indianapolis 25-7.
Mattie Vickers: Wheeling 18-20, Beaver Falls, Pa., 22, Nellie 23, Mercer 24, Warren 25, Salamanca, N. Y., 26, Olean 27.
Maggie Landis: Toledo 15, week.
Maggie Howe: Aberdeen, Iaik., 15, week.
Messenger from Jarvis Section Co.: St. Paul, Minn., 15, week, Minneapolis 22, week, Indianapolis 29, week.
Mical Co.: Norfolk, Va., 15, week, N. Y. City 22, week.
Martyr Co.: Baltimore 15, week, Brooklyn, E. D., 22, week, Boston 29, week.
Maude Atkinson: Bloomington, Ill., 15, two weeks, Pekin 22, week.
Maggie Harold: Shenandoah, Pa., 15, week, Shamokin 22, week.
Mrs. Riley's Co.: Kalamazoo, Mich., 15, week, Grand Rapids 22, week, Muskegon 23, week.
Maurine: Hartsburg, Pa., 15, week.
N. S. Wood: Indianapolis, Ind., 15, week, Buffalo, 22, week.
Neil Burgess: Cincinnati 15, week, Chicago 22, week, N. C. Goodwin: N. Y. City Sept. 20, ten weeks.
Night Off Co.: Harrisburg, Pa., 18, Reading 19, Lancaster 20, Easton 22, Hazleton 23, Elizabeth, N. J., 24, Allentown, Pa., 25, Wilmington, Del., 26-7, Baltimore 29, week.
Nelson Head: Chicago 15, week, Toledo 22, week, Chicago 29, week.
Nugent and Gleason's Metropolitan: Glen Falls, N. Y., 15, week, Ft. Edward 22, week, Ballston 29, week.
Only a Farmer's Daughter Co.: Dubois, Pa., 18, Warren 19, Oil City 20, Titusville 23, Corry 24, Union City 25, Greenville 26, Erie 27, Girard 29, Ashtabula, O., 30, Niles, Dec. 1, Youngstown 2.
Oliveration: Pittston, Pa., 18, Johnstown, 19, Youngstown 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.
One of the Brave: Warren, Pa., 18, Youngstown 19, Detroit 22, week, Pittsburgh 29, week.
On the Rio Grande Co.: Kansas City 15-20, Lincoln, Neb., 22, Grand Island 23, North Platte 24, Cheyenne, W. T., 25, San Francisco 26, two weeks.
Private Secretary Co.: Syracuse 15, week, Bradford, Pa., 25.
Pulse of New York Co.: Albany 15, week, Troy 22, week.
Patti Rosa: Meridian, Miss., 19, Jackson 20, Vicksburg 22.
Parke Markham: Lowell, Mass., 15, week.
Passover for Co.: Buffalo 15, week, Montreal 22, week.
Passion's Slave Co. (Winnett's): Louisville 15, week, Indianapolis 22, week.
P. F. Baker: Washington 15, week, Boston 22, week, Albany 29, week.
Peck's Bad Boy Co.: Cleveland 15, week, Louisville 22, week, Cincinnati 23, week.
Profile: Theatrical Co. (Hilli's): Madelin, N. Y., 15, week, Rondout 22, week.
Rheo: Buffalo 15, week, Jamestown 22, Dunkirk 23, Batavia 24, Rochester 25-7, Boston 29, week.
Ranch Co.: Grand Rapids, Mich., 15, Battle Creek 20, 21, Kalamazoo 22, Ada 23, Muskegon 24, Jackson 25, Cadillac 26, Arbor 27, Muskegon 28, Grand Rapids 29, Muskegon 30, Battle Creek 30, Kalamazoo 31, Niles 32.
Reinhard-Handy Co.: Attleboro, Mass., 18, Pawtucket, R. I., 19, Natick, Mass., 20, Taunton 22, New Bedford 23, Newport, R. I., 24, Fall River, Mass., 25, Abington 26, Plymouth 27, Westerly, R. I., 29.
Robison and Crane: Detroit 15-20, Chicago 22, two weeks.
Rocky Vokes Co.: N. Y. City 15, four weeks.
Ran's Baby Co.: Detroit 15-20, Chicago 22, two weeks.
Rose Coghlan: Brooklyn 15, week, Kingston, N. Y., 22, Poughkeepsie 23, Orange, N. Y., 24, Utica 25, Patterson 26, Brooklyn, E. D., 26, week.
R. B. Mantell: Buffalo 22, week.
Richardson-Arnold Co.: Caldwell, Kas., 15, week, Newton 22, week, Atchison 23, week.
Richard Mansfield: Chicago 15, week, Louisville 22, week.
Renton's Pathfinders: New Orleans 15, week.
Reno-Kerr Co.: N. Y. City 15, week, Brooklyn 22, week, N. Y. City 23, week.
Remy-Kerr Co.: Brooklyn 15, week, Philadelphia 22, week, Boston 23, week.
Ricky Dramatic Co.: Huntington, Ind., 15, week, Ft. Wayne 22, week.
Ricky Raiger Jack: Bowling Green, Ky., 15-18, Hopkinsville 15, Princeton 20.
Skins of the Light of the Moon: Montgomery 15, week, Atlanta 16, Pensacola 15, 16, Mobile, Ala., 18, New Orleans 19, week, Baton Rouge 20, Natchez 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

11

A Plan for Maintaining the Fund.

A committee of the Actors' Fund, composed of Harry Waskins, H. C. Miner and E. G. Gilmore, have prepared the following circular letter to local and travelling managers, stars and combinations, copies of which are being sent to all parts of the country:

"At a meeting of the Trustees of the Actors' Fund of America, held Thursday, October 7, 1886 the subject of the income of the Association and the means whereby it might be placed upon a more secure footing, and be as little as possible subjected to the vicissitudes which have so seriously affected it, was considered. It is well known that the benefits given to the Fund have been in the past, as they must necessarily be in the future, the result of much extra effort and labor upon the part of a few managers and actors. The great body of the profession have not and cannot participate in them, so that, in addition to the uncertainty of the income derived from such a source, there is the injustice which arises from placing upon a few a burden which should be borne by all. How to equalize this burden and at the same time to secure for the Fund a reliable income without placing upon the profession any undue pressure, is a question which has long engaged the attention of the Trustees, and which they feel must now be finally decided. After a full discussion it was resolved to lay before the members of our profession for their consideration and approval the following plan:

"First—that a single night in the year shall be set aside for the benefit of the Actors' Fund upon which night a certain percentage of the gross receipts (not less than ten nor more than fifty) shall be given as the only contribution of the year on the part of theatres, stars and combinations, to the Actors' Fund of America. It is now proposed that there shall be any extra or benefit performance on that night, but that of whatever comes into the regular performance of the theatre the percentage agreed upon shall be forwarded to our Treasurer.

"Second—it is suggested that no better night could be selected and none more likely to appeal at once to the hearts of the public and of the actors themselves than the birth night of Shakespeare—i.e., April the twenty-third. It is felt that, if this suggestion is adopted, there would be a double and beautiful significance in calling this 'THE ACTORS' NIGHT' for it would not only be a commemoration of the birth of our great master, but it would also be a dedication of his anniversary to the 'sweet uses of charity.' To this contribution of the managers stars and combinations, it is suggested that the actors and all others engaged will add a like percentage of their salaries for the night; but this, of course, must be left by the Trustees to the efforts and influence of the managers.

"Third—it was resolved to forward a copy of these suggestions to the stars, combinations and managers, throughout the country, with the request that if they approved of them, they would subscribe to the agreement with which it is accompanied, and which bears the signatures of all the managers of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

"Fourth—it is requested that prompt replies may be made to this circular, in order that the Trustees may be able to make some calculation concerning their probable income for the year; and it is also suggested that managers communicate at once after receiving this circular with the stars or combinations playing with them or the 23d of April, so that there may be instant and harmonious action upon the matter.

"The Trustees feel that the above plan will, if adopted, place our Association up in a basis of financial security and prosperity, and, in the confident hope that you will agree with them, they respectfully submit this to you for consideration."

Replies to these letters and signed agreements are directed to be sent to B. A. Baker, assistant secretary, at the Fund headquarters, 12 Union Square. It is expected that a sufficient number will be received by the next monthly meeting to enable the Trustees to decide whether the plan is feasible.

"If we are successful in securing the general co-operation of resident and travelling managers," says President Palmer, "the future of the Fund will be assured beyond question. The plan commends itself to my brother managers in this city and suburbs, all of whom are heartily in favor of its adoption. If a majority of managers will consent to contribute annually, the means for carrying on the Fund's charitable work will be ample. While we have managed to get along very well heretofore, the raising of money has every season been a subject of increasing anxiety."

The Drama of Civilization.

Buffalo Bill and his Wild West, reinforced by the resources of Forepaugh's Circus and Steele Mackaye's fertile brain, will be seen again on next Monday evening at the Madison Square Garden in the novel entertainment that has already engaged the graphic descriptive powers of the ready repertorial pencil.

Mr. Hamilton press representative of the concern, is very sanguine and enthusiastic over the enterprise. "The Garden has been altered to suit our purposes," says this gentleman, "at a cost approaching \$60,000. This Wild West will be practically new and entirely distinct from that which met with so much favor from New Yorkers when it was exhibited on Staten Island last summer. Mr. Mackaye's Drama of Civilization will introduce Buffalo Bill, his Indians, cowboys, Mexican vaqueros, and over a hundred trained animals of various kinds. Matt Morgan's scenic background is mammoth in its proportion. It covers 15,000 yards of canvas.

"The play will embrace among other interesting features a reproduction of the Custer massacre. One of the sole U. S. Army survivors, Dick Carty, will participate in it. There will be a host of frontier celebrities, crack riflemen, and various border characters. It will be a unique and startling exhibition. On Monday there is to be a picturesque street

parade."

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, Fourteenth Street. MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. Every time of Tony Pastor's grand show. MARTIN'S ELECTRIC THEATRE. A Bunch of Keys, or, The Hotel. A Bunch of Keys, or, The Hotel. Next week—Compton's Opera Co. in The Gypsy Baron. Next Sunday evening—Prof. CROMWELL.

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UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Under the management of J. M. HILL. EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEES. Manager, J. M. HILL. Address care of the Union Square Theatre, 12th Street and Broadway, New York.

Theatre is open at 10 o'clock, and the curtain rises at 11 o'clock. The Union Square Theatre is a good house for three hours in duration, and the audience is well informed.

The setting of the play is simple, but for the sake of the actors, it is well done. The scenes for the "Foolish Virgin" are most interesting, a large house being used.

The "Foolish Virgin" is beautifully mounted and costumed, and the play may be considered a success.

There is a wealth of picturesque, both in dress and scenery, equalled in no representation.

The stage actions and scenery are exceeding good, and includes some highly ingenious scenes.

Costumes. The mountings and furnishings were excellent throughout.

Marietta F. F.—The success it made was due to the excellent musical interpretation. The whole play was managed and above all put up in the stage. Stars, both English and American, were a success. There was a matinee at the Union Square Theatre, last night, from Madame Webster on two weeks' advance.

COSMOPOLITAN HALL. Corner Broadway and 23rd Street.

OKRIN BROTHERS & NICHOLS. A FESTIVAL FAIR.

MEXICAN VILLAGE.

MEXICANS AT WORK. CUTIE BABIES AT PLAY. SIGNORITAS IN THE KITCHEN.

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10 CENTS ADMISSION 50 CENTS Reserved seats, 50c and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$8, \$10, \$12. Every Evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

THE CASINO COMPANY. in the greatest full comic opera successes. ERMINIE.

Chorus of 40. Orchestra of 24. Mr. J. E. Williams, Musical Director. Great cast, beautiful costumes, scenery, appointments.

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Special Ladies and Children's Matinee Saturday.

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Brilliant revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's charming comic opera.

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By arrangement with R. D'Orsay Carte. Authorized performances. Special cast. Dress, scenery and properties from original. Grand chorus and orchestra. Next week—PRINCESS SINDA.

POOLE'S NEW THEATRE. Eighth street, bet. Broadway and 4th ave. Proprietor and Manager, J. H. POOLE. Reserved Seats, 50c., 75c., \$1. Gallery, 25c. Presuming only the BEST LEGITIMATE ATTRACTIONS. Matines Wednesday and Saturday. Sunday evenings. Dr. Morgans Illustrated Lectures.

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EDWARD HARRIGAN'S Original Local Comedy. THE O'REAGAN. Dave Brashaw and the Poole's Orchestra. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

WALLACK'S THEATRE. Broadway and 30th St. Sole Proprietor and Manager, LISTER WALLACK. Fall and Winter season.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's comedy drama, SYPHIA, founded on Fielding's great novel, Tom Jones. RECKONED WITH ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.

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Sir Charles Young's remarkable play in four acts, entitled

JIM THE PENMAN.

Beyond doubt the strongest story told upon metropolitan boards since the Two Orphans. Burlesque.

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MR. EDWIN BOOTH.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, 8.30 P.M.

Saturday Matinee, Mr. Booth in OTHELLO. Prices, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Admission, \$1. Family circle, 50c.

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Mr. T. H. FRENCH. Manager.

MISS FOR FRENCH. Reserved seats orchestra, circle and balcony, 50c.

MISS FOR FRENCH. A BUNCH OF KEYS, or, THE HOTEL.

MISS FOR FRENCH. The Lesson of Death.

MISS FOR FRENCH. Next week—Compton's Opera Co. in The Gypsy Baron.

MISS FOR FRENCH. Next Sunday evening—Prof. CROMWELL.

YACUM THEATRE.

Manager, J. S. SCHAFFER.

MISS FOR FRENCH. Reserved seats orchestra, circle and balcony, 50c.

MISS FOR FRENCH. A BUNCH OF KEYS, or, THE HOTEL.

MISS FOR FRENCH. The Lesson of Death.

MISS FOR FRENCH. Next week—Compton's Opera Co. in The Gypsy Baron.

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TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, Fourteenth Street. MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Every time of Tony Pastor's grand show.

MARTIN'S ELECTRIC THEATRE.

A Bunch of Keys, or, The Hotel.

To Managers and Proprietors of Opera Houses and Theatres.

If on and after the First day of January, 1887, you allow any others than Messrs. CHAS. F. FOX and THOS. E. MIAKO, to whom I have sold the exclusive right, to play JOSHUA WHITCOMB, expect no date from me. I shall also prosecute all parties playing either JOSHUA WHITCOMB or THE DENMAN THOMPSON.

My Attorney's address: HENRY A. WYMAN, Esq., Attorney-General's Department, Boston, Mass.

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Under the Management of FRANK CHARVAT.

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Ulie Akerstrom has just completed his engagement in our house, having been here from the 10th to the 18th of the month. He is one of the strongest drawing cards that visit Hoyoke. The house is turning out money, notwithstanding the severe winter we have had before. She had the largest house (and many) ever in the house.

CHAS. BRUTHERS,
Manager Hoyoke Opera House.

MARSHFIELD, CT., OCT. 23, 1886.
Ulie Akerstrom has just completed his engagement in our house, turning out money, notwithstanding the severe winter we have had before. She had the largest house (and many) ever in the house.

F. H. LAVAN,
Manager Delevan Opera House.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., NOV. 7, 1886.
Ulie Akerstrom has just completed his engagement in our house, turning out money, notwithstanding the severe winter we have had before. She had the largest house (and many) ever in the house.

W. ST. LAWRENCE,
Manager Academy of Music.

NEW BRITAIN, CT., NOV. 13, 1886.
Ulie Akerstrom has just completed his engagement in our house, turning out money, notwithstanding the severe winter we have had before. She had the largest house (and many) ever in the house.

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ON
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